THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

He, who in the delusive land of dreams,
Delusive, yet revealing in the glow,
Of moonlit glories, *what we fain would be*,
Walks by my side, sits by me, takes my hand,
And speaks those words all women love to hear,
And men look well in speaking; in whose love
My life reposes safely, and for whom
Even life itself grown strangely beautiful
Spent in his service were but *little cost*,
Is no Apollo. On his radiant brow
No raven locks sport with the winds of Heaven.
His glance is not bewildering, nor his eye,
Bright with the flashes of unspoken wit.
He is a *man* with manly impulses,
Passions and imperfections. On his face
His social aspirations paint themselves,
Where he "that runs may read."
His eye is bright
With sense and keen observance, and his hand,
Though strong for labor has a tender touch,
That soothes the aching brow, and calms the wave
Of fretting care, or sad despondency.
He is not *gifted*, but his thoughts are high,
His aspirations *pure*, his spirit tuned
For all the deepest harmonies of life.
He has, or may not have, houses and lands,
Stocks, title-deeds, and costly equipage,
Acquired or inherited. To him
These are the mere externals, blessings lent
To use, but not abused with unseen wings
For transportation and security,
The tinsel not the substance; to his mind
There is no happiness but that which springs
From daily duties faithfully performed,
With earnest zeal and manly rectitude.
Life unto him is *holy*, love *divine*
Touching to higher issues, and he holds
All *earthly things* but trifles in the scale,
He wears his honors humbly. Good men praise,
And evil men are silent. Love of home,
And sweet, domestic comfort are the ties
That bind him most to earth; he clings to these
Because they speak of God, and reverently
Moves onward to the land of Heavenly bliss,
Without the shadow of a coward fear.
This is *my Hero*, and I do believe
Such heroes live, though I may find them not.

N. F. K.

THE INVISIBLE HAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

Precisely where the Gosseldorf estate was situated matters not, and there are those still living who might take exception were I to locate it more definitely. It will suffice therefore for present purposes to state, that it lay in the suburbs of an inland town, in a wild, picturesque part of the country much frequented by pleasure seekers, and invalids who sought to recuperate their diseased systems in its pure, healthful air.

It was rather an extensive estate, embracing several hundred acres. Which were more valuable as a rural retreat and a preserve for game, than for agricultural purposes, although it would have been by no means unavailable as a farm with proper culture—but time out of mind, it had been the residence of a wealthy German family, originally driven from the Father Land for political, reasons, and as their revenue had always been principally derived from European sources, there was little incentive for making the place other than what it was—a delightful residence for a family of rural tastes, who could afford the luxury of permitting an extensive tract to degenerate into a beautiful wilderness.

The mansion was a quaint old pile of dark, gray stone, and had been gradually added to, and built over, according to the caprice or convenience of its possessors, until it had assumed the general appearance of a strange irregular combination of turrets, gables, and dormer windows from which it was difficult, if not impossible, to single out the original edifice, and over the whole woodbine and ivy trailed their green tendrils, and gave it a look of age to which it was not entitled.

It stood upon the summit of a gentle elevation, overshadowed by old forest trees, which had nodded their heads to the wind long before white men had thought of coming to dwell beneath their shade, and was surrounded by a massive wall of stone, excluding it, and the out buildings from the outside world, and imparting something of a foreign look, at least the place was unlike any other in that vicinity.

The family had never mingled very freely in the society of the neighborhood, and but little was known of them, except that they were political refugees of German extraction, and had never been known to intermarry with other than their own country people. But this sufficed, if not to satisfy the inquiring minds of village gossip, to excite their curiosity, and to induce them to draw upon imagination for details to fill out such a meagre history.

At the time of which I am writing, the family consisted of Max Gosseldorf, a sombre, melancholy man, of profound attainments, and much given to chemical research, and who was suspected of giving credence to some of the old alchemists dreams; his daughter Bertha the sole fruit of a not particularly felicitous marriage, contracted somewhat late in life, a grave, beautiful girl of twenty, whose rare mental gifts held her far above the majority of her sex; and Mrs. Quothermy, the housekeeper, a strange old crone, sharpwitted, taciturn, and unapproachable, whom it was said had held the same position under the original proprietor, and a small unostentatious retinue of servants.

I had been more intimate at the Gosseldorf residence, almost from my first acquaintance with the head of the house, than any of my fellow townsmen; and for a year or more had been that gentleman's confidental legal adviser. Why I was admitted to an intimacy denied to almost every one else, I never exactly understood, or why I had been selected to entrust with important legal matters—for I am not one of those matter of fact men, devoted soul and body to business, who are usually considered the only safe persons to trust business with.

To be candid, I have always been something of a dreamer, with an inborn dislike for all sciences which, like mathematics, are capable of absolute demonstration, and an equally innate predilection for sitting alone in the evening or with some one who understands the art of talking without using many words, by bright wood fires, to read queer stories, and weave strange fancies from the glowing embers. I also cherished an unprofessional taste for subtle, metaphysical theories, such as the great majority of the world laugh at, as the imaginings of visionary, ill-balanced brains, but which to me contain great springs of pleasure, and involve such boundless fields of speculation, that I can always fancy myself drifting away upon a vast, unexplored ocean of thought.

I had been bred to the law, and followed it, although there were many of its details that were irksome, but there were others that suited my vein. Besides it was the only recognized profession for which I was fitted, for dreaming, unless one has Ik Marvel's fertile pen to record the vision for the delectation of the world, was then as now at a discount, and offered poor encouragement to its votaries, I had never found many companions to my liking. Not that I was a recluse or a misanthrope; on the contrary, I believe my acquaintances regarded me as a sociably disposed fellow, rather too much given to literary pursuits and metaphysical research for a lawyer, but I had seldom met those with whom I could sit down and *think*, speaking only at long intervals, and then conveying my meaning by a word, simile or gesture, more effectually than I could do to another by an elaborate essay.

In Bertha Gosseldorf I found a companion just suited to my peculiar taste; and it was not strange, therefore, that my free entrée to her father's house was the source of my greatest pleasure. The old gentleman seemed to have no objection to our tête-a-têtes, and absorbed with his retorts and crucibles, seldom disturbed us unless he dropped in for a moment to ask me some legal question; so we dreamed and told our dreams in company.

I have described her as beautiful. She was one of that rare type of blonde women for whom I have always felt an admiration nearly amounting to reverence. She was exquisitely fair—I have never seen the tints of white and red so perfectly blended—her forehead was broad, full and smooth—her manner grave to seriousness, and in the clear depths of her blue eyes a true woman's soul, pure, delicate, and sensitive was so plainly shadowed forth that she seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere into which unhallowed thought would no more dare to venture, than would the unlevitical Jewish multitude have passed unbidden into the Holy of Holies, where the bright cloud rested over the Mercy Seat.

From the first I felt drawn towards her by an attraction at once resistless and inexplicable. The subtle under-current pervading her intellectual being was one whose ebb and flow I understood. Spiritually we were in perfect *rapport*, and knew by intuition what was passing in each other's minds with a certainty marvellous to me, and would have been startling to those who had experienced such phenomena, and had never investigated the principles involved.

When the reserve with which her intercourse with every one was always characterized until she made up her mind to like them, had worn away as she came to know me better, and consider me on the footing of a friend, I began to find I had the power to lead her on to speak of herself, and the fancies as wild, grotesque and gorgeous as ever owed their origin to Hasheesh which floated through her mind, with a freedom she extend to none other not of her own sex. It was not strange that I loved her with a passion deep and all absorbing; and while I felt assured that she had a psychological intuition of the nature of my sentiments, and if she had never encouraged them, had certainly never by deed or word forbidden me to approach more nearly to her shrine. I could not speak to her of my love. On all other subjects I could talk unreservedly, but when I approached that theme my confidence forsook me, my voice trembled, and I could no more command the language to express what I felt in my inmost soul, than I could set at naught the law of gravitation, and soar into space.

Ah me! Why is it that when we feel the most intensely, when our spiritual part is overshadowed by such vivid imaginings, that our humanity owns to its inferiority, and we tremble and grow faint like weak children, that words to clothe what our souls would fain express will not come? Perhaps because each spirit from Infinity emanating but condemned to abide for a little space in these mortal bodies, remembers and speaks to each other in the vernacular of the Spirit Land. It must be so, for else those rarer sentiments of our natures that partake the least of earth and the most of Heaven would of necessity remain unrevealed.

I had been intimate at the Gosseldorf residence something more than a year when the family received an addition in the person of Mr. Carl Giblow, a cousin of Bertha's, who had served for some years as a soldier of fortune in several of the Continental armies. Having exhausted the excitement of camp life, he had come to seek his relatives in the New World, and learn by observation, whether it was worth his while to cultivate them.

Apparently they found favor in his sight, for instead of limiting his visit to a couple of weeks, as he had first announced his intention of doing, he continued his stay, and at length seemed to have made up his mind to favor his relatives with his society for the remainder of his days, and ere long it was apparent to me if to no one else, that Bertha, or what she would eventually inherit, was the principal attraction, and that he had determined to secure a charming bride and the broad estate of Gosseldorf by one and the same master stroke.

What the chances of success in his matrimonial schemes were I found it difficult to form an estimate predicated on any reliable data. Her father scarcely liked him, I thought, though he treated him with the courtesy due a guest and relative, and certainly evinced no positive disapprobation of Mr. Giblow; but their intercourse was characterized by none of those indescribable little familiarities usually noticeable between those who are drawn together by congeniality of taste and temper, as well as the ties of blood or consanguinity. As for Bertha, her calm, grave, undemonstrative disposition was a complete foil to my feeble attempts at the always difficult task of reading correctly and with certainty, a girl's heart.

It was perhaps no more than natural that I was not predisposed to regard favorably one who was evidently determined to become my rival, but I believe the intense dislike I conceived for him was not wholly predicated upon that idea, for there was that in his face and manner, which I am persuaded would have rendered him an object of instinctive aversion, had there been no probability of our paths crossing.

He was a man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with a thoroughly German face, fair but of coarse texture, and wearing almost invariably a covert sneer that would have sufficed of itself to mark him as a skeptic and infidel, while his pale blue eyes were cold, pitiless and cunning. His manner was characterized by an affected bravado, that partook far more of the bandit than the gentleman, and his conversation showed, notwithstanding that he was upon his good behavior, that his principles were such as might well have been acquired in a camp where pillage, rapine, and every outrageous license were as familiar as regimental tactics. In brief, while there were some indications of gentlemanly birth and breeding about Carl Giblow, it was obvious to me that he had been educated in a hard school, and that he possessed a nature that affiliated readily with the ruffianly associates with whom he had apparently been familiar.

Mr. Giblow had been an inmate of his uncle's family about six months when Mr. Gosseldorf suddenly died. The cause of his death baffled the skill of the village physicians. He was found dead in his laboratory one morning, and after a searching post mortem examination the coroner's jury rendered the vague verdict of "Died, by the visitation of God," but there were few who did not believe that it was man's handiwork, I think; and there were cautious whispers that the unprepossessing nephew might give a clue to the mystery were he so disposed. But there was absolutely nothing for suspicion to take hold of, and it gradually died away. When it came to be understood that the deceased had, as was anticipated, bequeathed the whole of his considerable property to his daughter, the rural gossips soon arrived at the sage conclusion that it would soon pass into the possession of Carl Giblow encumbered with the hand of the heiress.

One evening, about two weeks after the funeral I called upon Bertha, partly to learn if she was in need of my professional services, but principally because I had become so accustomed to her society, that to remain away was difficult even at a time when it was fair to presume she was ill prepared to receive company. I found her alone and glad to see me. She had felt her loss deeply, but her grief like her other emotions it was her custom to conceal under the grave, self-possessed exterior she almost habitually wore.

"I am glad you called to-night," she said, after the customary interchange of courtesies. "Indeed I was on the point of sending a servant with a note for you when I heard your ring."

"I am glad to know my arrival is thus opportune," I said. "In what way can I serve you?"

The color deepened a little in her cheek as she answered:

"It is a difficult thing to speak of, but I have no other friend—at least no other in whom I feel the confidence I do in you; besides you were my father's adviser, you know, at least professionally."

"I hope I may always be worthy of any confidence you repose in me, Bertha," I said, taking her hand in mine, while a thrill pervaded my whole being like an electric shock. She did not withdraw it, but raised her beautiful eyes to my face, with an expression that seemed to say, "Counsel me truly in what I am about to tell you," and proceeded:

"You know my cousin—I do not think you like him, and perhaps I do not wonder that you should not, but he has asked me to be his wife. What answer shall I give?"

"Do you love him?" I asked in a voice that trembled, though I strove to appear unmoved.

"I had given you credit for knowing my tastes and disposition too well to make that question necessary."

"Pardon me—I did not suppose it possible till this moment, but how else was I to interpret your question, for surely love would be the only incentive that would induce a woman like you to marry Carl Giblow."

"There might be another, Mr. Thornwood. I am now, as you know, quite alone in the world; at least I have no other relatives on this side the Atlantic, and none in the Father Land of whom I know ought except by hearsay, or for whom I have any yearning. Indeed my cousin is my nearest blood relative, I believe, and is it strange that I shrink from taking upon myself the task of managing my affairs, an office I am but poorly fitted for by nature and education."

I do not recall in what words I answered her, but I know that the torrent of passionate love I had so long confined within my own bosom now broke forth, sweeping away in its course all barriers of every name and nature, my own timidity with the rest, and I was fully aware of it. I had told my love with such impetuous language as sprung spontaneous to my lips, and Bertha, though she did not answer, still left her hand close clasped in mine, and when I dared to look up into her face humbly and reverentially, even as the heathen devotee might gaze upon the graven idol of his worship, I saw thereon the shadow of a new and perfect happiness.

It was a happy evening, the forerunner, alas! of many a sad and weary one, and until far into the night we sat together talking as only lovers can, weaving the same golden woof of future happiness that charmed, I doubt not, the inner senses of our first father and mother in the Holy Garden, and will gladden the hearts of all lovers while time continues.

Ah! how hard it was to tear myself away when the beautiful girl I loved so tenderly was nestling in the clasp of my arms. But the inexorable finger of the clock swept on, on round the circle, till it pointed perpendicularly at midnight, and I arose and opened the door. I paused surprised, and I must confess a little startled, though I could not account for the feeling, for crouched close before it was Mrs. Quothermy the housekeeper, and as she hobbled away, cowering under the severe rebuke of her mistress, she gave me a leer over her shrivelled shoulder, sinister, wicked, and full of malice that I remembered long afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

I awoke the next morning with a dull, oppressive weight upon my heart, and a presentiment that I was menaced by some fearful danger or sorrow. But I could perceive no grounds for apprehension, and I had not then learned to place that faith I now have in those foreshadowings of good and evil, which the soul receives and chronicles, God only knows how, and went about my ordinary avocations, striving to banish all untoward thoughts from my mind. But I only partially succeeded.

At an early hour of the evening, my steps followed my thoughts toward Bertha. My sense of apprehension deepened as I approached the house and rang the bell, and Mrs. Quothermy responded to my summons.

"Was Miss Bertha at home?" I asked in a voice that betrayed, I think, something of the uneasiness I felt.

"Miss Bertha was at home, but she had given strict orders that she desired to receive no company—a very proper course for one who had so lately lost a father," the old crone answered with the same wicked leer I had noticed the preceding evening.

"I have good reason for supposing myself excepted from that order," I said, "be so good as to tell Miss Bertha that I am here."

"There was no one excepted, and I shall carry her no such message," was the insolent rejoinder. "If you persist in attempting to see a lady who does not desire your company, you must do so upon your own responsibility."

"Thank you, I seldom act upon any other person's," I said decisively, but with an indescribable sinking of my heart, and without heeding the feeble efforts by which the old woman would have stayed my progress, I strode past her, and stood within the hall.

"You are probably satisfied by this time, Mrs. Quothermy, of my intention to see your mistress," I said. "Will you announce me or shall I find the way for myself, and learn the reason, not only of your singular conduct to-night, but why it was you attended her door so closely last evening?"

The housekeeper glared at me with a look of mingled hatred and triumph. "Seek her yourself," she said, or rather screeched, "and find her if you can. Young gentlemen think forsooth that because a chit who does not know her own mind from one hour to another promises to marry them, that they have her as safe as though the priest had blessed their banns. Go your way, and learn that in this as well as in some other respects, young gentlemen are sometimes fools."

I might well feel astonished at such impertinent language from a servant. She clearly intended to have me understand that the sentiments which Bertha entertained towards me had undergone a material change since the preceding evening, and I remember experiencing a momentary feeling of wonder that I gave no grain of credence to her story. But believe it I could not, and an irresistible influence seemed to draw me onward, and some extraneous intelligence forced the conviction on my mind positive and unwavering that I was involved in some sort of conspiracy, bold, and from its boldness difficult of detection, and one that must be met then and there with a cool brain, a close scrutiny, and a resolute heart, if I would not become inextricably entangled in its meshes; and yielding obedience to the promptings of the inner sense that seemed to guide me, I was in an instant in full possession of all my faculties, alert and ready for action.

Without paying farther heed to Mrs. Quothermy than to observe that she followed me, I moved on toward the reception room, where Bertha was accustomed to sit. She was not there; but nothing daunted, I pursued my way, and quietly looked into every room on the ground floor, even into her father's deserted laboratory, with its now unused retorts and crucibles and strange paraphernalia, without meeting the object of my search.

I was about mounting to the second story, for singular as it may appear under the circumstances, I was determined to leave no nook or corner of that rambling old pile unexplored when Carl Giblow suddenly appeared at the head of the staire, holding in one hand a lamp, in the other a pistol.

"What is the meaning of this tumult in the house, Mrs. Quothermy?" he said, in a real or effected anger.

"It is nothing I can help, sir. The gentleman called to see Miss Bertha. I informed him that she had given strict orders to admit no one, but he persisted in forcing his way in, and expresses the determination of seeing her at all hazards."

"This is most extraordinary conduct, Mr. Thornwood," Carl Giblow continued, apparently only recognizing me at that instant, "what possible excuse have you to offer in palliation of it?"

"Miss Gosseldorf never gave any such order," I answered bluntly, "and I will not submit to this imposition."

"Pardon me, but Miss Gosseldorf did leave *just* such an order, and when you speak of imposition, let me beg of you to explain whom you wish to include in the category of conspirators?".

"All who are engaged in it, Mr. Giblow, and if yourself or any one feels aggrieved at my words I am responsible for them."

"Thank you, sir; but I am not accustomed to seek satisfaction of persons who, in defiance of a lady's request, force their way into her mansion and declare their intention of seeing her whether she will or not. Perhaps you can explain your conduct, and make it appear excusable, but I question it so exceedingly that unless you at once, and without further parley or insult, take your departure I shall use my weapon as upon a common housebreaker, and take the consequences."

There was an expression on his wicked German face that was very far from allaying the suspicion I felt, but his words nevertheless had shown me that I was in an awkward, and to some extent, dangerous predicament, and that I had but a lame case with which to appear before the bar of public opinion. What would there be so remarkable in the estimation of the world in a young lady's giving the cut direct even to an accepted lover? A thousand causes might be surmised to bring about such a result, some real or fancied slight on the gentleman's part, the tongue of slander, or the caprice or coquetry of the lady, and how was I to make it appear that the servant had delivered other than the message she had received from her mistress, and what valid reason had I for thinking she had not? None, except the still small voice of my own heart—convincing evidence to me, but unavailable before the tribunal of society. I saw I had been near falling into a dilemma, and although as fully as ever convinced of the correctness of my first impressions, reason told me that I had arrived at a point where all might be lost by rash precipitation.

"Mr. Giblow," I said, with as much composure as I could assume, "you recall me to a realizing sense that I have indeed been strangely impetuous, but a soldier, like yourself, can surely pardon impetuosity in any one where there is a lady in the case, and I am confident from my own sentiments that you will permit me to withdraw without further apology, unless the lady herself should feel aggrieved, in which

case, believe me, I shall find words inadequate to express my sorrow and mortification."

"Spoken like a man of the world and a gentleman," said the ill-favored reprobate, evidently much relieved. "You are correct in supposing no farther apology necessary so far as I am concerned; so unless cousin Bertha is very much incensed at your performance to-night, which, of course, you admit was devilish extraordinary, we will consider the affair forgotten, and I hope soon to see you restored to visiting favor, for although I confess to a strong predilection for my charming relative, I am for a fairly contested field, and let the best man win."

I could have strangled the hypocrite without one compunction of conscience as he stood there and lied without a blush; but professional caution came to my aid, and told me I was at a disadvantage, and that it behooved me to improve my position by a calm scrutiny of the whole strange affair before I took other steps, which might have to be retraced slowly and painfully, when time was everything; so I compelled myself to bid him a courteous "good evening," which he returned from the head of the stairs, as though fearful of leaving a less space between us, and passed out, vividly conscious all the time of that inexplicable influence urging me to remain, and when I would not obey it, I *felt* rather than heard a long drawn sigh, that proceeded from no point that any sense of mine could locate. But it assured me that a mysterious spiritual communion, beyond my philosophy to explain, existed between Bertha and myself—that we were both involved in the same conspiracy, and that I might with safety follow the psychological intuitions of which I felt her to be the originator, only as I saw occasion to modify them by the judgment of a lawyer and man of the world.

I passed an anxious and sleepless night. What was the nature of the plot that had so suddenly transformed my happiness into misery? Where was Bertha? How circumstanced? By what danger menaced? It was useless to torture myself with such questions—equally useless to attempt to drive them from my mind. Bertha was true to me—in that faith I did not for one instant waver; but of all else connected with the strange affair I was uncertain, and every hour hit upon some new theory to account for it.

Towards noon the following day, Carl Giblow lounged into my office. I expected him, and was prepared to keep up my *role*. He was more self-possessed than he had been the preceding evening, and I felt instinctively the moment I saw him that the principal danger he had apprehended in his plans, whatever they were, was passed away, and that henceforth he considered his task comparatively easy.

"Well, Thorawood," he began, in a nonchalant way, "I am sorry to inform you that your case isn't quite hopeless. Bertha at present considers you as rather a disagreeable specimen of the brute creation, and talks of employing a special policeman to secure her from the ardor of her lovers; but you know what women are as well as I do. They put on the virtuous indignation if a fellow thaws into something more than common-place frigidity, but they are a good ways from feeling offended at it in their hearts after all. The rudeness that results from an overweening passion carries its own pardon in the implied homage it pays to her charms, and in the end wins the love it first frightened away. A woman don't feel particularly flattered when a man tries to reach her heart through some frozen northwest passage. Warmth, energy, and passion, with a little dash of impudence and wickedness, are the things that pet her vanity most, and therefore please her the best."

"You have a high appreciation of the sex, Mr. Giblow, and it is certainly magnanimous in my declared rival to show me that there are even such dubious grounds for hope in my case," I said, laughing with an affected gayety, that seemed to me the most horrible mockery of which I had ever been guilty.

"Do you think so? Well just now (pardon me for saying it,) I can afford to be generous. The Fates seem to be enlisted on my side at present, but the Lord only knows who will come uppermost at the next revolution of the wheel."

"You mean me to understand that Miss Bertha favors your addresses," I said.

"You are not far wrong," was his cool rejoinder; "but women are such fickle things, there's no dependence to be placed on them. You see I have the frankness to admit that I consider my prize held by a very insecure tenure; but I have business to attend to, and must wish you good morning."

A week passed without bringing any perceptible change in the state of affairs. Giblow called frequently, always with the same affected good-natured rivalry, the same chivalrous regret that I was still excluded from his cousin's presence, and thus incapacitated from entering the lists on equal terms with him. Of course my own anxiety had suffered no diminution, and I was still unalterably convinced that what he said was untrue, and uttered for no other purpose than to blind me as to the real nature of his designs, but what those designs were, was beyond my skill to fathom, and I had no resource but to wait for time or accident to unfold them.

One evening, as I sat in my solitary office bowed down by such harrassing grief as one so circumstanced must suffer, I was startled by the unceremonious entrance of a woman cloaked and veiled, whom I recognized, when she disclosed her features, as Bertha's waiting-maid.

"Are we quite alone, Mr. Thornwood?" she said, throwing a hasty, suspicious glance around the apartment, and speaking with no little trepidation.

"Quite," I answered, scarcely less excited than my visitor. "Do you bring me any message from your mistress?"

"From my mistress!" cried the girl, in a passion of weeping. "I do not know what has become of her, though I have a terrible suspicion that she is dead—that her cousin and Mrs. Quothermy have taken her life."

"Do you wish me to understand that Miss Gosseldorf is not at her residence?" I said, while my heart beat painfully at this new and startling disclosure.

"She has not been seen, or at least I have not seen her, since the evening you were last there—neither Mr. Giblow nor the housekeeper will tell me anything about her, though they could I am sure, and I have been watched and guarded very closely, or I should have come to you before. Oh! sir, what shall we do? Is there no way of finding out what has befallen poor Miss Bertha?"

Like a flash of lightning it dawned upon me that the girl had surmised the truth. Bertha had casually mentioned to me that Carl Giblow was her nearest blood relative—her father's estate was bequeathed to her, and in the event of her dying childless, it of course descended to the next of kin. The mystery was all explained; the despicable wretch, who would have married a beautiful, sensitive girl for what she possessed, had coolly compassed her death when he found the less guilty road to fortune closed against him.

Had Carl Giblow presented himself at that moment, his days would assuredly have been numbered. The recollection of the consummate hypocrisy with which he had sought to impose upon me, and conceal his hideous crime, had wrought me up to a perfect frenzy. A loaded pistol was in my drawer, and I was in the mood for using it, but thank God! he did not come.

"Sophie," I said, at length controlling my emotion with a mighty effort, "I fear your suspicions are but too well founded. If Miss Bertha has disappeared, she has no doubt fallen a victim to the cupidity of her devilish faced cousin; but if we are too late to save her, we can punish the guilty, and no time shall be lost in bringing them to justice. Remain here till I return; I will not be long absent."

Without waiting for a reply I seized my hat, and was soon closeted with a magistrate. He listened to my story with astonishment—almost incredulity; but he accompanied me back to my office, stopping on the way to summon to his aid the District Attorney and the Sheriff, and when they had heard what Sophie had to say, the former no longer hesitated as to the propriety of issuing a warrant for the arrest of Carl Giblow and Deborah Quothermy on suspicion of murder, and ere midnight we were standing before the Gosseldorf residence.

Giblow had not yet retired, and opened the door, after some hesitation responsive to our summons. His effrontery was a little shaken when he recognized his visitors, whose business he naturally inferred from the unseasonableness of the hour boded no good to him. But he recovered his self-possession in a moment, and begged to be informed to what he owed the pleasure of our company.

"We come on no agreeable errand, Mr. Giblow," the magistrate said, "but it is not impossible but that you may be able to explain everything to our satisfaction, and that you may have an opportunity of so doing let me inquire where your cousin is to be found."

"In her room, I presume," Giblow answered, not divining the import of the question, or foreseeing the dilemma into which the answer would lead him.

"If that is the case, we have no further business, except to apologize for our intrusion, but you will pardon me for saying that we must be assured of that fact by Miss Gosseldorf in person."

A sudden light seemed to break upon the ruffian, and he was visibly disconcerted; but his self-possession did not quite desert him, and he answered almost immediately, "I shall certainly not permit my cousin to be disturbed at such an hour until I am satisfied that a better reason exists for it than is now apparent."

"We will try and satisfy your scruples on that head, Mr. Giblow," continued the magistrate. "You are suspected of having murdered your cousin for her inheritance. Show her to us alive and prove the suspicion unfounded."

"The supreme absurdity of the suspicion is a sufficient excuse for my declining to take a step to prove its falsity," Carl Giblow said, now perfectly unabashed.

"Then at the risk of offending the young lady's delicacy by invading the sanctity of her chamber, we shall proceed to satisfy ourselves whether she is beneath this roof. You will accompany us, Mr. Giblow. We can't lose sight of you till we learn the truth or falsity of what you tell us."

"As you please," was his response, spoken with an easy affectation of irony. "Mr. Thornwood is the originator of this proceeding, I presume. He adopts a singular method for disposing of a successful rival in a lady's favor, but there's no accounting for tastes. Proceed, gentlemen, I am entirely at your service."

I was too furiously impatient to prolong this interview, and perhaps give his confederates opportunity to conceal traces of their work which might still exist; so without farther ado, I led the way into the house, closely followed by my companions, who guarded among them Carl Giblow.

Ere we had traversed half the length of the hall we met Mrs. Quothermy, evidently but lately aroused from sleep, her face wearing the same wicked leer which, perhaps, was its normal expression. I whispered to the District Attorney. He drew her arm through his, and without a word of explanation detained her where she was, while we proceeded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Electricity the Cause of Animal Colors.

M. Nicholas Wagner has recently brought before the Academy of Sciences experiments which seems to show that electric currents are the cause of the colors, at least, of some animals. These experiments were made on the nymph of a species of diurnal butterfly (*Vanessa urtica.*) Electric currents changed the reds into orange, and the blacks into red; and the most feeble current, especially if it were from a constant battery, produced black spots, the shape of which had a relation to the current. He ascertained, by means of an extremely sensitive apparatus, that not only does electricity modify and even produce colors, but that those found in the butterfly are due to currents in the wing of the animal—the most energetic of which issues from the base of the wing, and follows the middle nervure till it reaches the outer edge.—*Intellectual Observer.*

THEY tell a story of Bishop Southgate which is too good to be lost. He, as all who know him know, magnifies his office and makes much of his talents. Some chums of his who knew him in his earlier days made a visit to his church to look on the dignity that they used to chase over hills and help at school over tall places in his lessons. The visitors were plain country persons from away down East, and never knew much of fashionable churches, or the symbols that are placed on altar cloths and chancels. On entering the church they saw the well-known initials "I. H. S." in a conspicuous place, in large and elegant gold letters. One said to the other, "There, just look at that. Just like him. Got his name up. I, Horatio Southgate."

☞ It is always worthy of remark that the omniscient God works *with*, and not *against* the natural disposition.—*Mrs. C. Wilson.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOB'R 28, 1865.

A NEW STORY
BY
EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

GRANDMA'S PORTRAIT is the title of a very taking Steel Engraving in the November number of this favorite monthly. It is a household scene, and one of the youngsters is drawing Grandma's picture on the wall. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb. LOVE *versus* FLIRTATION is the title of the next engraving, which illustrates an interesting story of the same name. Then we have a number of engravings, devoted to the fashions, new hats, head-dresses, lady's and boy's suits, &c. For the Music we have this time a Gallop from Mirelle. The fine story, "Told by the Sun," is continued in this number. We give the

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NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 3 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

EGOTISM.

The Egotist is one of those self-sacrificing individuals who seem determined to take upon themselves all the burden of a social talk, no matter whether their peculiar kindness is going to be acceptable or not. He is resolved to be the centre of whatever circle he is in, even in spite of the strong centrifugal proclivities that may be felt at the circumference.

So good and kind he is, so noble and disinterested, that every topic of conversation must be introduced by him, or it is of no account; and when the talk has come to an end, he flatters himself with the thought that it is because he, the great sun of the company, has ceased shining.

Does any one ask a question, he is the first to answer with a string of I's reaching round the room. Some one makes an observation; he turns commentator, and follows with an elaborate illustration, or charming episode in his own life, a most interesting anecdote relating to that distinguished personage, myself.

Laughter, though really in derision, is set down by him as only a tribute of applause; and silence, though the product of contempt, he takes to be a proof of his superiority, the reverence ever paid to genius. We have sometimes thought it would be well if this species of the genus *homo* would recall to mind the maxim of Solon: "Take care how you speak all you know;" or the words of the Grecian sage, Cleobulus: "Many words and more ignorance—" together with the Chinese proverb: "True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening." There are others whose words are but parasites clinging to other men's ideas and opinions. The affected talker, the organs of speech having to be wound up to such a pitch before he can commence; not forgetting the churlish talker, a man so wrapped up in himself, and the very important business that he has the honor to transact, that he cannot stop to answer questions, or to recognize the rights of another till after his own are properly attended to,—from all and every one of which we pray as in duty bound, "Good Lord deliver us."

THE PRESS.—Forney's "DAILY PRESS" of this city has been enlarged, and is now issued in quarto form, and otherwise improved. "The Press" is an ably conducted paper, and we are pleased to see these evidences of prosperity. Long may it live to be an honor to Philadelphia journalism.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HOME HEROES, SAINTS AND MARTYRS. By T. S. ARTHUR. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE LOVERS' TRIALS." By MRS. M. A. DENISON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"THE BANKER'S SECRET." By J. F. SMITH, Esq. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.

"HAND BOOK OF STEAM ENGINE." By JOHN BOURNE, C. E. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"QUINTILLIAN." By HENRY S. FRIEZE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"ON RADIATION." By JOHN TYNDAL, F. R. S. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"VOICES OF NATURE." By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"HALL'S GUIDE TO THE GREAT WEST. By EDWARD H. HALL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "BAY STATE," 1865.

Dear Mr. Peterson: You are of course aware that the equinoctial storm should not come off, according to the almanac, until the 20th ult., but as I mentioned in a previous letter, everything seems to be at sixes and sevens in the department of the clerk of the weather, and the day I last wrote you closed with a tempest of wind and rain, of which we had the full benefit while Captain M.'s man was driving us to the railroad station at Byron. But no serious damages were sustained, and we reached Rochester in excellent condition, mentally and physically.

The non-arrival of expected letters detained us for another day in the "Flour City," and we improved it in looking over some of the mills, whose manufactures have given to the city its designating cognomen, and to "Genesee Flour" a world-wide reputation.

The character of the flour manufactured at Rochester has changed, however, since the weevil and the destructive invaders of the wheat-field have rendered the culture of white wheat so uncertain, that but little comparatively is now sown throughout Genesee, Monroe, and Livingston counties, formerly the great white wheat growing district of the state. Mediterranean and other varieties of red wheat are still grown there to a great extent, but Spring crops are cultivated more extensively than in former times, and the Rochester mills are mainly supplied from red wheat of western growth, but they turn out some excellent brands of flour, and it is doubtful whether Rochester will ever lose the prestige it has gained in this important branch of American industry.

I must not leave the Rochester manufactories without mentioning the well-known chemical works of C. B. Woodworth, which we had the pleasure of inspecting under the escort of Mr. Alexander. Mr. Woodworth's perfumery and extract establishment occupies a considerable area, and nearly opposite is the glass factory, where he manufactures his own wares. We enjoyed our walk through the place exceedingly, and emerged therefrom exhaling such a perfume of Night Blooming Cereus and Golden Lily of Japan, as seldom emanates from the garments of wandering Bohemians of the Press; and so charmed did my friend, the doctor, become with the sweet odors pervading the very air round Woodworth's, that he seriously considered whether he might not obtain a situation there in some capacity. Whereupon I suggested that he should offer his services to the proprietor to invent unspeakable names, from languages living and dead, for these charming manufactures destined for ladies' toilet tables. Whether he will act upon my advice or not, I am unable to say; but he has been pensive for a day or two, and sports tuberoses in his button-hole, which he says reminds him of Woodworth's.

The dilatory letters having finally come to hand, we took our departure by the train over the "Old Road," as it is termed, in contradistinction to the "New" or "Direct," for Syracuse, or "Salt P'int," as the early settlers were wont to designate it. It was a pleasing route, passing through the villages of Canandaigua, Geneva, Auburn, and many others, though I believe the last named place, famed as the residence of the Secretary of State, boasts of a Mayor and Common Council, and puts on city airs.

The approach to Syracuse is indicated by extensive marshes, upon which are erected long rows of low sheds, covering the shallow tanks where the evaporating process is carried on. There is something fearfully saline in the atmosphere of Syracuse; and to boil salt, evaporate salt, buy salt, and sell salt, seem to be the principal objects of human existence thereabouts; and "salt is good, but if the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted," is alleged to be the favorite text of Scripture from which the Syracuse divines exhort their flocks, and argue logically that to manufacture salt, and to preserve it from losing its savor, is the chief end of man.

A day was spent in Syracuse and its suburbs, and as evening drew on, we took the 6 50 train for Oswego. Did you ever go from Syracuse to Oswego, by the 6 50 train? If you never have, don't do it. The patience of Job would have been inadequate to the undertaking, and the probabilities are he would have sworn like a Mississippi flatboatman ere he had accomplished half the journey. I understand it is the usual custom to carry a cow-catcher on the rear end of the last car, to prevent the cattle from running into it, but I don't credit the story; at least our train was not thus provided, but in lieu thereof, the conductor stood on the rear platform armed with a lantern and a club, with which offensive weapons he intimidated such bovine monsters as meditated an attack upon us. The manner of running was peculiar. The train proceeded Oswegoward for half a mile or so—then stopped—then ran backwards a few rods—then forward—then stopped again, much as you may have seen a balky horse perform. There were but two or three regular stations on the route, some forty miles in length, but either of its own perverse accord, or through some inexplicable whim of the conductor or engineer, the train came to a standstill about once in ten minutes, sometimes in the forest, with never a sign of humanity in sight, at lonely cross-roads, where there was not even a barn to add variety to the scene, and sometimes before great piles of hemlock bark, which seemed to be the principal production of the region.

But everything of a sublunary nature must end, and so at last did our trip over the Oswego Railroad; and at the expiration of four or five hours, we reached the beautiful city of Oswego, lying on both sides of a river of the same name, at its confluence with Lake Ontario. The Oswego river forms the outlet to a large number of the little lakes with which Central New York is dotted—and for something like forty miles from its mouth furnishes a rapid succession of excellent water powers, which drive a vast amount of machinery, and constitute one of the main sources of wealth of the city.

Our first visit next morning, was to the factory of the Oswego Knitting Company, a substantial stone edifice on the western bank of the river in the southern suburb. Neither of the proprietors chanced to be in; but upon our making ourselves known to a gentleman connected with the establishment, he politely volunteered to show us over it, and explained the various processes of picking, carding, spinning, and knitting, through which the cotton passes from the bale to the finished under-garment. The knitting machine was one of the most complicated and incomprehensible pieces of mechanism I ever examined—but I should despair of explaining it to the understanding of any one. And the other machinery is of a kind, too well known to be worthy of particular description.

As is usually the case in cotton factories, the greater part of the light labor is performed by girls; and upon our introduction to one apartment, where thirty or forty damsels were at work with watchful eyes and busy fingers, the doctor's gallantry overcame his prudence, and he incontinently disappeared among the crinoline and machinery, and when he emerged an hour later, his impressive black broadcloth had the general appearance of having been packed for safe keeping in a feather bed. The doctor is an enthusiastic admirer of the sex, but he also cherishes sentiments of affection for his clothes, and when the excitement was past, and he had leisure to observe the ruin his gallantry had wrought, his countenance fell, and I thought I heard him sigh as he glanced ruefully at his pantaloons and frock-coat, "*sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Leaving the factory of the Knitting Company, we passed on up the river, visiting the large flouring mill of Mallison & Hastings, the extensive establishment of the Oswego Starch Company, whose manufacturers have attained a world-wide reputation; and various other mills and factories, that my space will not permit me to enumerate more particularly.

In the course of our peregrinations we encountered Mr. Lucius Strong, the business manager of the Oswego Knitting Company, who had learned of our visit to their place, and now joined us with the courteous proposal to show us the Oswego lions. Deeming it best to begin at the foundation, Mr. Strong took us in the first instance to the bottom of the river, or to a portion of it enclosed within an extensive coffer dam, where a busy force were engaged in blasting out the solid rock over which the Oswego makes its way, for the purpose of gaining an additional depth along the docks, which will greatly facilitate their business.

While blasting in the bed of the river, the workmen came upon some mineral springs, which is said to embrace much the same properties as the Saratoga waters, and to have equal medicinal virtues. It is certain those we saw, smelt and tasted bad enough to be excellent. And if some plan can be devised for preserving them after the work is done, and the river resumes its accustomed flow, it is not impossible that they may become famed, and Oswego a place of favorite resort. There is no more charming place for summer loitering in the length and breadth of the state. The picturesque river and the beautiful lake, are features in themselves well worth going to see, and with the eclat of mineral springs, some good hotels, and a railroad that makes more than ten miles an hour by which to reach it, Oswego might in time rival Saratoga.

The remainder of the day was passed in a visit to the Grain Elevators, the largest of which, a stupendous structure sheathed with iron, is owned by Messrs. Irwin & Sloan, and is well worth a visit, to one who takes an interest in seeing grain tumbled over by the ship load.

This closed our tour of inspection. We had visited the manufactories of Western and Central New York. In the evening our final reports were written up and despatched; our work was done, and we were at liberty to go where we pleased, at our own expense; and when the sun rose bright and clear next morning, and we looked from our window and saw the lake like a great mirror, a trip to Charlotte, by water, proved irresistibly attractive. To be sure it would necessitate a return trip by railroad from Rochester to Syracuse, but we should escape the 6 50 train on the Oswego Road, which was worth taking into account. So, after breakfast, we walked down to inspect the jaunty little steamer "Bay State," one of the line plying between Lewiston and Ogdensburgh, one of the pleasantest summer excursions I know of.

On board I met in the person of the agent and director of the line, my old schoolmate, John M. Reynolds, who, with a heartiness that reminded me of old Walworth Academy times, when John was a big boy and I was a little boy, shook my hand, and proceeded to extend to us the courtesies of the Press. And a few minutes before ten, we steamed slowly out of Oswego harbor.

But the gong sounds for dinner, and I must close.

Yours, hungrily,
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

THERE are some smart rascals in Memphis, Tenn., who, when they find a horse unmarked, they represent themselves as Government agents, and boldly claim the animal as a "U. S." horse, that has been stolen from the Government. If the owner of the horse claims that there are no "U. S." marks on the animal, the rogues produce a glass, which they declare is a magnifying one, and, as the lens of this glass has a faint "U. S." lined upon it, the looking through it makes the "U. S." visible, apparently on the horse. This astounds the owner of the beast, and with cool audacity the thieves ride off with the horse they thus appropriated.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Up the Rio-de-la-Plata—Along the Parana—First Peep at Paraguay—Dealing with a Dictator.

The itinerant party, of which I was neither head nor tail, by an arrangement and mutual understanding long since entered into, would have separated at the eastern base of the Cordilleras—perhaps at the city of Mendoza, and a portion of it returned to Buenos Ayres, and thence northward to Brazil, of the southern provinces of which the majority of us were residents.

But when a courier from his Excellency, Don Manuel Rosas, overtook us with dispatches, containing a request that four members of our company, among whom I happened to be named as one, would return to the capital, make an excursion up the rivers Plata and Parana, and if possible an incursion into Paraguay, it was in council unanimously decided that our embassy, whatever might be its object, should be a full one, and we would go to Paraguay all together, or none of us would go at all.

Rosas hesitated, and haggled a good deal about the expense and inconvenience of providing for so large a party. But we were immovable in mind, and equally so in person, until the ex-her lieo, Chief-Captain-General-President-Dictator-despot came to terms, and then our personal preparations for the expedition were all completed before Rosas or his government had made a single move towards providing suitable conveyance and subsistence.

Our own choice of transportation would have been our long, familiar practice—the saddle, our spirited, trained horses and the Arab ride, with the jovial night bivouac. But the policy of our Buenos Ayrean sovereign precluded the possibility of our indulging in our favorite equestrian pastime. Rosas would know something reliable of the navigation of the rivers northwest from his capital, for a class of vessels heavier than the La Platan *balandras*, as he was thus early scheming for the invasion and conquest of Paraguay as soon as his Montevidean embroglio, and the breaking up of the English and French blockade in the river Plata should leave him at liberty to look in that direction.

At the expiration of six weeks, a fine, American-built brig of excellent sailing qualities and light draught of water had been purchased, provisioned, and fitted with comfortable accommodations for our whole party, and with a stirring, wide-a-wake commander, and a crew composed entirely of young and active Americans, we left the capital of the La Platan Confederacy, bound on our river cruise of exploration, observation, and such hydrographical surveys as the prospective views of Don Manuel required should be made.

For about two hundred miles from the city of Buenos Ayres the course of the Parana is about northwest, from thence sweeping round in a gradual, regular curve, until Santa Fe, at the junction of the Colorado with the Parana is reached, and then the stream stretches away N. N. E. in almost a right line, skirting all the western boundary of Paraguay, and finally losing its identity in the Lake Caracaros, on the eastern frontier of Bolivia, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles from Santa Fe, and nearly two thousand from Buenos Ayres. The Parana is, however, no longer the Parana proper above Corrientes, though geographers continue to call that branch bounding Paraguay on the east by that name. The river is more properly the *Paraahyba*, which has its source in the Brazilian diamond regions, in about the latitude of eighteen degrees south. The direct, or main branch of the great river, assumes the name of Paraguay after we have passed Corrientes.

Taken all together—Rio-de-la-Plata—Parana, and Paraguay, from Capes St. Mary and Antonio, to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, the great river is one of the most beautiful in the world. For a stretch of more than six hundred miles after leaving the city of Buenos Ayres, the navigation is very little obstructed by shoals, the shores are bold, with low, but beautiful banks, fringed in many instances for many miles with graceful willows, dotted here and there with scattered *Ombu* trees, their low, bushy heads showing in the distance like immense apple orchards—then open out to the view wide pampas, covered with innumerable herds of horned cattle and horses literally wild, the broad, green landscape relieved by lone, red-roofed, white-walled *estancias* gleaming in the distance, or clustering villages in the fore-ground.

In the far perspective it is a scene of fairy enchantment. Beware, however, of a too near investigation or away flies every atom of Eden, and "South American Civilization" stares you in the face.

Our mission having nothing in it demanding dispatch, we went leisurely on our way up-stream, progressing by day, when the wind was fair, anchoring always at sundown for our night's rest—always when the wind was unpropitious to hunt, fowl and fish, and I have no recollection of ever having spent three weeks more pleasantly than I think we did the three we exhausted in the passage from Buenos Ayres to Neembucu, a squalid, filthy, little Paraguayan mud hole of less than two thousand inhabitants, located on the right bank of the river, opposite the mouth of the Vermejo, a considerable stream coming in from the northwest, and having its source at the base of the Bolivian Andes, within two hundred miles of the Pacific.

At Neembucu we were brought to a dead stand-still by the inflexible, non-intercourse rule of the Paraguayan despot—Don Jose Lopez, recent successor to the patriarchal Paraguayan tyrant, Dr. Francia, until his secluded highness should deliberate upon the propriety of admitting within his inside dominions such a company of outside vagabonds.

We were permitted to land and wander about the miserable *adobe* apology for a town—always under the jealous surveillance of the Paraguayan officials, and from this frontier position we obtained our first peep at Paraguay. That peep sunk the character of the country and its people very far below *freeze* in our estimation. First impressions are indelible and most vivid—almost always erroneous, and we said among ourselves—"If this is a sample of Paraguay and Paraguayans, Don Dictator, Jose Lopez will be conferring a favor upon us by withholding permission for us to penetrate any further within his dominions."

But when we had seen something more of the country, its people, laws, and customs, our ideas underwent a radical change, our prejudices very nearly disappeared. In fact, we saw more to admire and approve than to condemn in Paraguay.

Our negotiations preliminarily were protracted, and something tedious. The Paraguayan ruler had his own peculiar ideas of diplomacy and government policy, from which it is probable the destruction of one-half the habitable globe, so that Paraguay were left intact, would not have moved him an atom.

First, there came a high functionary, all plumes and pomposity, and in a curt, savage manner demanded to know who we were and what we wanted? We answered, civilly and courteously, that we were a party of pleasure-seekers and sight-seers, made up of all nationalities—mostly Europeans and citizens of *Los Estados Unidos*, wandering about the world for improvement, and that we had hoped to have had the very distinguished honor of being presented to His Excellency, Don Jose Lopez—President of the Republic of Paraguay. We took especial care not to let drop a hint that we were in any manner identified with the schemes of Don Manuel Rosas, who was hated in Paraguay as the devil is among the Waldenses.

The haughty tone of Senor Pomposity, went down wonderfully under the influence of our explanation, and the presentation of a brace of profusely ornamented dueling pistols so mollified the tiger that he put on something like amiability, took down in writing a memorandum of our wants and wishes, and promised to dispatch them, with his own favorable impressions of our party, to His Excellency, President Lopez immediately.

General Guardias kept his word, and at the expiration of five days, I think it was, there came from Assumption, from Don Jose Lopez, a half dozen huge packages containing *pronunciamentos*, and pratiques, and passports, and among them an autograph letter from the Paraguayan President, addressed to "*Senora Cosmo, Calor, Bond-y-ee-y el Senoras*," in which His Excellency was pleased to say, that as we had so many ladies in our party, there could be nothing hostile in our intentions—that in consideration of the very high estimation in which he held the Government and people of the United States, he permitted two gentlemen of our party to visit him at Assumption, when, if their explanations of the object of our visit should prove satisfactory, he should be much pleased to admit our vessel within the Paraguayan territory, and welcome all the members of our company to the palace and his own private residence. In conclusion, Don Jose made the request that if it was quite convenient, and entirely agreeable to the ladies, would we be so kind, whoever should visit him, as to bring two of the Senoras also?

In the election for delegates, the choice fell upon Dr. Bond and myself, and it having been determined to comply with the President's last request, the choice of our companions was altogether arbitrary, my own being, of necessity, Mrs. Cosmo, while that of the doctor was his brave, beautiful, pet sister.

Having equipped, and provided ourselves with a variety of novelties that we guessed would be very likely to tickle the fancy of the Dictator and his court officials, we took passage for Assumption, some hundred and forty miles up the river, in a sort of state barge, looking very like a Schuylkill canal-boat outside, but within fitted up with all the appliances of comfort and luxury. The rig of the craft was that of the common, river *balandra*, and with her immense pyramid of square sails, set one above another on a single mast, and a fine, strong breeze, blowing directly up the river, we made the passage to Assumption in less than thirteen hours. It was nearly sundown when we sailed from Neembucu, so that our passage was made entirely during the night, and the night being an excessively dark one, we arrived at Assumption with just as much knowledge of the navigation of the river, the appearance of the country and approaches to the capital, as though we had been conveyed thither tied up in sacks.

Our reception by the Dictator was ceremonious, and at first reserved on his part, but our vivacious, beautiful, and every way charming little Baltimorean, a song of the chivalrous Cid, sung in unexceptionable Castilian, by Mrs. Cosmo, and our frank, straightforward answers to all his inquiries, in a little time thawed out all Don Jose Lopez's reserve, and we found him as genial, sociable, and communicative as if we had been friends of a lifetime.

Our reception took place at the Government Palace, but after two hours or so, when the Parayuagan President had fully opened his heart, he insisted upon our accompanying him to his private residence, taking with us all our baggage, and making his house our home while we remained in Assumption.

We found Don Jose's family, consisting of his wife, Dona Marilina, and two daughters, the Senoritas Esmerelda and Inez, refined, well-educated, and altogether very charming women, who, within an hour, managed to make Miss Bond and Mrs. Cosmo entirely at home.

Among the doctor's luggage he had a complete Daguerreotype apparatus—and being a clever artist, during the forenoon on the day after our arrival, he took some excellent pictures of Dona Marilina and her daughters, which so delighted the Dictator that he declared we should remain with him, while he would dispatch half a dozen pilots and a crew down the river directly, to bring up our vessel.

I completed the conquest of the Paraguayan despot, by taking his good humor at high flood, and presenting him with a pair of Colt's original pattern revolvers—a novelty he had never seen or heard of.

Before night, the doctor and I had a commission to procure on account of the Paraguayan Government three thousand of the weapons, with a clear profit of six dollars on each pistol; and by the time our vessel arrived, our party had free and full permission to vagabondize through the length and breadth of Paraguay, without let or hindrance. So much the presentation of pictures and pistols did for us.

GOOD NEIGHBORS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In Luther's illustration of the fourth clause of the Lord's Prayer he mentions, amongst other meanings of daily bread, "Good Neighbors." With the most charming naiveté he thus gives us a glimpse into the burgher life of his own times when neighbors played quite a considerable rôle in the list of comforts.

In these days when a man had once found a wife and an office, he was stationary for life, as were his neighbors on the right and on the left.

It seemed indeed like the workings of Providence when one was gifted with a good or burthened with a bad neighbor.

Query: Is it very different even now, when neighbors may chance to be transient?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MOREland," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY, Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD, Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mrs. A. D. F. WHITNEY, Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY, Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.
BELLA Z. SPENCER, Author of "Ora," &c.
Mrs. M. F. TUCKER.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c
Mrs. ELIZA STROAT TURNER.
AUGUST BELL, Author of "Antagonisms," &c.
CLARA AUGUSTA.
Miss A. L. MUZZEY.
BEATRICE COLONNA, Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."
Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Morrisons," &c.
HARRIS BYRNE.
"COSMO," Author of "South American Sketches."
LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON.
MARY J. ALLEN.
S. ANNIE FROST.
EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. H. A. HEYDON, Author of "Margaret's Story," &c.
CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.
SOPHIE MAY.
Mrs. ANNA BACHE.
ANNIE F. KENT.
"AUNT ALICE."
FRANCES H SHEFFIELD.
PHILA. H. CASE.
HARRIET W. STILLMAN.
CHARLES MORRIS.
LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.
LIZZIE MATTIERS.
IRENE BOYNTON.
Miss H. S COREY.
LUCERN ELLIOTT.
AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."
BARBARA JOHNS.
BELLE ST. AUBYN.
Miss A. FORESTIER.
EDWIN R. MARTIN.
SARA J. RUMSEY.
T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the

LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of THE POST, one year, and the Sewing Machine, - - - - $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, - - - - - - - - - 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, - - - - - - - - - 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 2 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight*.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, - - - - - - - -	$2,50	Four copies, one year, - - - -	$8.00
Two copies, " - - - - - - - -	4,00	Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00

Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter up of club, $35.00.

One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

The Fire Department Parade.

The grand parade of the Philadelphia Fire Department last week was one of the most imposing and splendid pageants ever presented in this country. The procession was composed of twenty-two divisions, each numbering from four to six companies, making in all over one hundred and fourteen, including over thirty visiting companies. Of the latter six were from the city of New York, one from Boston, one from Albany, one from Buffalo, one from Salem, Mass., two from Jersey City, one from Newark, two from Washington, one from Lebanon, Pa., one from Allentown, four from Camden, N. J., two from Reading, one from Harrisburg, one from Pittsburg, and one from Wilmington, Delaware. The number of members of each company on parade was from 25 to 550. There was an abundant supply of music. Dodworth's Band, of New York, the Marine Band, of Washington, and the Chicago Light Guard Band, all celebrated organizations, were in the line. The banners, silver fire-horns carried, and the decorations of the apparatus were of the most gorgeous style. The parade was nearly three hours in passing, being over seven miles in length, and will not soon be forgotten by any person who witnessed it.

Josh Billings's Testimony.

Josh Billings, being duly sworn, deposed as follows:—

That most men had rather dew a smart thing than to dew a good one.

That backsliding is a big thing, especially on the ice.

There is 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that is twins.

That ignorance is bliss—ignorance of sawing wood, for instuns.

That men will fail tew be saved, simply becoz they hain't got nothing to save.

That a femail woman kan't keep a secrit, nor let nobody else keep 1.

That a little larning is a dangerous thing—that is true as it air common.

That it is better to fale in a noble enterprise than tew succeed in a mean wun.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 10@17 cts ₩ lb Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ₩ lb 175 Cows brought from $35 to 75 ₩ head. 3100 Hogs at from $16,00 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We offer a Sewing Machine as a Premium for the LADY'S FRIEND, on the same terms as are offered by the SATURDAY EVENING POST in its Prospectus. The Clubs may be composed entirely of the LADY'S FRIEND, or partly of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, if desired.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

The Terra Del Fuegan.

If there be any one who shall object to the seeming license of classing humanity under the head of Natural History, I shall ask—Why not? If the *Terra del Fuegan* is not a *Natural*, in the broadest sense of the term, he is nothing. And then of his history, there has been so next to nothing ever said or written, that I think both he, and the reader will bear the few paragraphs I shall devote to him.

Inhabiting the cold, desolate region of everlasting winter—that "cut off" of our continent, made by the Strait of Magellan—on the lone, inhospitable spur of Western civilization—the scale of humanity with the Terra del Fuegan is marked at *zero*, and will probably stand there forever. I do not believe the wretched Aborigines of the rocky, barren nook, susceptible of any moral, social, or physical culture.

When we speak, or write of, or mingle among, and associate with any other native race inhabiting this continent, we have some conclusions—some theories as to their ancestry and origin. With the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, we stop short at the *Terra del Fuegan*. We can find nothing in their physiognomy, structure, speech, or habits, that carries us anything beyond the low, vile, degraded condition of the race as it exists to-day. Physically, they are brutes—socially, barbarians—morally, *Nothing*. In the scale of civilization, they are ten degrees below the condition of the Digger Indian, or the native of Western Australia. Their dialect is a mere gibberish; they have no traditions, no ideas of a Supreme Being, even in the shape of an idol or mythological monster. They have not attained the faculty of constructing a hut to shelter, clothing to protect their bodies from the vigors of their wintry world, or the rudest weapons. Not a bow, arrow, spear, dart, war-club, or even a fish-hook of bone, is ever found in the hand of a Terra del Fuegan.

Naked through life, as nature made them, they *follow* Nature till they die. Their habitations are the caverns and clefts of rocks, their out-door protection from the inclemency of the weather, a smearing over of the whole body with rank grease procured from the carcases of sea elephants, lions, seals, and whales, that are often driven dead upon their iron-bound shores. Their food is devoured raw, and consists chiefly of such dead animals and fishes, as the sea drifts within their grasp, and the Sea Egg—*Estrella Impervesa*.

The whole occupation of this race of human beasts, consists in wandering along the ledgy shores of their rock-bound world, or huddling together indiscriminately, without regard to age, sex, or separate associations, in their craggy nooks, sleeping in *stacks* like wild hogs, dozing away half of their miserable existence.

It is a wonder that the Terra del Fuegans, being carniverous animals, and mere brutes, are not also cannibals. But they never slay to eat, or devour their own dead—as do the savage *Zealanos*, one of the Magellan tribes towards the Pacific coast. When disease, or any accident befalls one of their race, he, or she is abandoned to die—or recover as best he can, alone—and when dead, the inanimate body, unburied and unheeded by its fellow beasts, is left exposed to be finally resolved into its native elements.

In stature, the Terra del Fuegans are diminutive—never, I think exceeding five feet. They are not ill-formed, otherwise than in their universally protruding, pouch-like abdomens. In color, they are a dull, brassy yellow, have very coarse, straight, black hair, staring eyes, small features—rather comely but for the everlasting *smudge* of rancid grease, no beards, wide mouths, and teeth like a sea lion's.

It is something really amusing to stand and watch the extent of intellect presented by a group of Terra del Fuegans gathered on the bleak coast upon a raw, blustering, rainy, sleety day. Totally naked, they are something susceptible of cold as well as other wild animals, and all their ingenuity in defending themselves from the weather, consists in a slab of bark, or a bit of dried whale skin, which they hold up as a shield, shifting it from side to side—right, left, front, rear—as they have occasion to turn themselves.

Living in a *land of fire*, these wretched beings are absolutely strangers to the comforts and uses of that element.

Such, in brief, are the Terra del Fuegans—the last link in humanity. As to their being the *first*, in the brute creation, I think the claim lies equally between them and the baboon.

THE WEDDING-DRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARCIA HOPE.

You may take the things she used to wear
In her youthful loveliness—
Her jewels, the pearls that bound her hair,
But leave me her wedding-dress!

Take the rest away from my sight—
All, save this cloud of lace;
Leave me this token of happier days,
While I dream of that vanished face.

Gone, with the rose-bloom on her cheek,
And the light in her tender eyes!
Gone from my ever-watchful love!
She dwells in Paradise!

Silent and still our own old room—
Ah! who shall fill *her* place?—
Her pictures hanging on the wall—
Her flowers within the vase.

And her empty chair, that empty chair,
That ne'er again she'll press!
How the olden memories throng around,
As I gaze on that wedding-dress!

Good-night, old room! There's a starry light
That oft from darkness springs;
There's a hope that rises from despair,
And a peace heaven only brings.

So take the things she used to wear
In her youthful loveliness—
Of all she wore, but *this* I claim,
Leave me her wedding-dress!

A MERE FLIRTATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE AVENEL,

AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."

In the meantime *ce cher papa* had picked out Marcus Brinton as his future son-in-law. As marriages are not made by agreement, the young millionaire was not aware of the favorable manner in which Brinton *père* regarded him, nor did he know that the Colonel when speaking of him was in the habit of saying: "Marcus Brinton will be a rich man to the end of his days. He has no fashionable vices."

The ball continued. Egbert re-entered the *salon*, where Edith was sitting near a statuette of Psyche. He approached her timidly. True love is always timid, and often awkward. If a person wishes to appear to advantage in the eyes of any individual the first condition is not to be in love with that person. Edith still *sous le coup* of Harvey Heckman's statement regarding his intimate friend's little peculiarities saw in this apparent hesitation nothing but art, and appeared to pay more attention to her bouquet than to her companion.

"These apartments are oppressively warm," remarked Egbert, endeavoring to appear as cold and distant as herself.

"Very," replied Edith, and said to herself: "Mr. Wallace's wit cannot be said to scintillate under the influence of the caprices he indulges in."

"Good heavens!" said Egbert to himself, "Is it thus that she receives me?"

"Your father has made a beautiful selection in this statuette," said he to Edith. "It is the most expressive Psyche I ever saw." He endeavored to speak calmly.

"Yes, the Cupid which is ordered, too, will be sent to-morrow. It is as beautiful."

"I have seen it. Psyche is lonely without her spouse."

"She is a soul sufficient to herself."

"Yet Love is the soul's light. In purest things 'tis love that makes them pure."

"No, Love is but a myth. Cupid is only a heathen deity."

"Cupid is but a heathen deity, I grant you, but, Edith, *God is love*," replied Egbert.

"What a consummate actor!" said Edith to herself, shocked at what, after Harvey Heckman's statement seemed to her a blasphemous bringing in of the name of the Highest to suit the idle *causerie* of the moment. She arose and turned away.

"Will you not dance with me, Edith?" said Egbert.

"No," replied she.

"Have I offended you? I trust that I have not been so unfortunate."

"You have not offended me," replied Edith. "My father's other guests demand my attention." With these words she left him.

"I see! I see!" muttered Egbert to himself, as he returned home that night to his solitary bachelor apartments. "She is a heartless flirt. No! No! Edith! Edith! life of my soul! I will not, I cannot believe it," he almost sobbed as he threw himself upon the lounge to pass a sleepless night. All through its weary hours he saw before him Edith's soft eyes and her blush as he had held her hands in his that morning.

After all the guests were gone, Edith stole up to the statuette of Psyche. "He thought it beautiful," she murmured as she kissed the brow of the mystic marble. A curious shell, a tiny, rosy thing lay upon the pedestal of the statuette. Egbert had taken it up while he conversed with Edith. The girl grasped it, and with the folds of her floating ball-dress sweeping behind her, she fled up the long staircases to her boudoir as if she feared pursuit. "His hand has touched it," she said, as she laid the shell beneath her cheek when she slept that night. "How strange that my heart leaps as it does when his eyes meet mine. It is very foolish. I know my father would call me an idiot, *and there is no such thing as love*, but if there had been I could—I could have *died* for Egbert. How he would smile in triumph if he knew that I prize the senseless thing his hand has touched. My father says that love is a game, the pastime of society, that the very men who seem to idolize us, *laugh at our credulity* if we believe them. Yes, it is all a dark lie, a terrible lie. Yet if there was such a thing as love I should not be—so lonely."

The heart of a heathen without a faith was not darker, sadder, and more isolated than this girl's soul, for it is needless to say that the man who did not believe in love did not believe in God, who has permitted, ordained, and created human souls for human love, and promised those souls immortality. We are told that love is the divine breath of heaven, sent to sustain and cheer us, that it is God's will that we should love, as He has ordained and chosen. Edith, poor child, had no consolation in religion. She went to church mechanically as her father did. She had honor and a sense of duty, and fulfilled her duties, because the desire to do right was a part of herself. I have often wondered whether it is not a portion of the perfect working of that system which is of divine origin that love should be to many women, though not perhaps to those entirely superior, the beginning of higher revelation. Is not the utter devotion of some women to their husbands—which love despises life, and gives it willingly for their sakes—the result of that in forming of the soul that love brings with it? "*To God through him*" would be many a wife's answer if the secret of self-sacrifice were asked. We all know what Christians good wives and mothers are.

On the morrow Edith rose paler than usual. She had suffered that night, but with the morrow her courage rose. "I am determined," she said to herself, "that I will show myself my father's true daughter. Neither Egbert Wallace nor any other shall smile in triumph at the thought of conquering the heart of Ormsby Wilford's daughter."

The contest lasted for one more month, on Egbert's part against Edith's coldness, on hers against his supposed intention of winning her heart but to leave her to sorrow. After torturing Egbert by her evasive answers when she met him at some ball or *soirée*, she would return home and press both hands upon her heart as if the pain within would drive her mad. This life was agony to both alike. "This is a cruel game," Edith would say to herself; "there is that in my heart for him which will destroy me." On the morrow her crimson lips wreathed with a thousand smiles, the woman of the world would shine the belle of some *fête* and no one could have read a heart-pang upon that brilliant face. As for Egbert Wallace his countenance was becoming haggard, almost stern. Edith drove him into the most cruel perplexity.

Here were two beings loving each other, deeply, truly, and sincerely. They were endowed with a thousand good and noble qualities, capabilities of devotion and self-sacrifice, which marriage would have developed. Both were capable of being useful, which is greater than to be great, yet they were parted by a guilty theory, the work of a selfish parent, whose life had been for himself alone.

Colonel Wilford sat one day in his own apartment, in a very bad humor. Indeed, he was anything but a happy man. Egotism is like poison—it corrodes. The man who is his own god is less human than other men. His is a lower order of life than that of the nobly unselfish. Desiring happiness, as all human beings do, the egotist thwarts his own purpose. It has not been the apparent intent of the Deity to bestow happiness upon any man through that man's success in concentrating the aim, the reason of his existence within himself. Those who attempt this are invariably the most wretched of all mortal creatures. The some of happiness is life for and by another than ourselves, and happy indeed are those upon whom Providence has bestowed such rich gifts that they can make many happy by their lives and deeds.

It was never certainly known in "the world," though it was sometimes suggested, that remorse was partly the cause of Colonel Wilford's bearish humor, and of his hardness towards his daughter; for though lavish, his heart never seemed really to open to Edith. Was this so? Could he feel that remorse which we are taught to believe expiates although it tortures? I doubt whether his nature was noble enough for that feeling. Remorse and sincere repentance would have made him less selfish. Lathrop, his son, a noble and handsome boy, he treated almost as a stranger. His son was of little consequence to a man whose life consisted of eating, drinking, and sleeping, and meditating upon the grandeur of Colonel Ormsby Wilford. Poor Lathrop used to say to his sister: "I always feel, Eda, like an impostor when I go to the governor for cash. How I do hate to ask him for my allowance!" He always got the money, but declared that he invariably felt as if he had stolen it. . . . .

Colonel Wilford's solitude and ill-humor on the day I allude to, was broken in upon by the announcement of Marcus Brinton's presence below. "Show him into the sitting-room, Pierre," said the Colonel to his Swiss valet; "and be sure to admit no one else there. Do you understand?"

"*C'est bien, monsieur le Colonel*," replied Pierre, who, for fifteen years, had persisted in replying in unvaried French to the Colonel's unvaried English. Marcus Brinton was ushered a moment afterwards into the exquisitely-furnished little sitting-room, where Colonel Wilford had seated himself in a large fauteuil, opposite to a similar one drawn up in readiness for his guest. The Colonel's lameness, which he disliked to have observed, caused him to receive his guests seated.

In five minutes time, and without sneering once, Marcus Brinton had proposed for Edith Wilford's hand, and in an hour more, after much demur on Colonel Wilford's part, although he had had his eye upon Brinton for a year past as the proper *parti* for his daughter, Mr. Brinton left the house an accepted suitor.

"Tell Miss Wilford's maid to step here," said the Colonel to Pierre, as the latter answered the little silver bell by which he was usually summoned to the sitting-room.

"*Immédiatement, monsieur le Colonel*," answered Pierre, and vanished in the direction of the laundry.

"Gretchen," said Colonel Wilford to the German woman who, since her mother's death, had been Edith's attendant, and like Pierre, was a useful importation, "request Miss Wilford to come to me."

A soft song arose from the parlor. Edith had been calmer, happier, for some days past. There is always a lull before the storms of the soul arise. It must be that we need these calms to nerve us to bear the tempest.

Edith appeared.

"Well, my dear, have you picked out your man, fired, and brought him down, according to prior arrangement?" said the Colonel, jocosely.

"No, papa," replied Edith, with a sad smile.

"I understand. It has not been necessary. Mr. Brinton has proposed for your hand. Here is a check for your *trousseau*. You will be married this day fortnight."

"Married to Marcus Brinton!" gasped Edith.

"Exactly. Good-day, my dear, I am going to my club. For heaven's sake let me have no mawkish, sentimental airs. You know I do not understand that sort of thing, and it does not take with me. There, there, cheer up," resumed the Colonel, who began to feel rather disagreeably at the sight of his daughter's ghastly face. "There is nothing so very dreadful in having a rich, handsome, young husband; but you girls always will take on tragic airs. This is what comes of cramming yourself with so many novels;" and with this inelegant and by no means just remark, as Edith had never read a novel after the interdiction respecting Paul and Virginia, the good Colonel departed.

"Egbert! Egbert!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, stretching her arms upward into space, as if her beloved one's hand had been there and she could, by grasping it, stay her impending doom. "No! no! that was all mere mockery. *Men do not truly love*; but, just heaven! we do! we do!" and sinking upon the sofa, she shed the first tears love had ever drawn from Edith Wilford's proud eyes.

She was and always had been so entirely subservient to her father's will, that the thought of opposing it did not even enter her mind.

That evening Egbert appeared again. Edith was surrounded by guests, among them was Marcus Brinton. When Egbert entered, Edith was singing, "Must I leave thee, Paradise," from the Oratorio of The Creation. Her voice was as thrillingly, as unutterably sad as we imagine that of dying hope to be. Egbert shuddered at its sound.

At last he succeeded in obtaining a place beside her.

"I cannot be happy away from you," he said. "I cannot live without seeing your face."

Edith smiled, a cold, bitter smile. "I am not very credulous," she replied. "I think that imagination with gentlemen has much to do with such assurances." At this moment her brother Lathrop requested Edith to sing again, and the remainder of the evening passed as it generally did at Colonel Wilford's receptions, in a succession of arrivals.

Preparations for the wedding now began to be made, and it was announced in society that Miss Wilford was about to marry. As is but too often the case with the individual most interested in the fate of another, this intelligence did not reach the ear of Egbert Wallace. Some, however, had suggested that it was he who was about to bear away the most enchanting woman in the city to the seclusion of a home. Some conjectured that one suitor, some that another, was the fortunate one, but the stolid, cold, indifferent, Mark Brinton was not for an instant suspected of being about to perpetrate matrimony.

At this crisis, Edith's spirits apparently rose. She became more brilliant in society than she had ever been. Miss Wilford's *mots* began to be quoted on all sides, as well as applauded, and sometimes dreaded. Her voice acquired an indescribable pathos, which made her singing more admired than it had ever been. Her manner assumed that grace and peculiarly winning power which had distinguished her mother, a great belle previous to her marriage with Colonel Wilford. A certain nameless *hauteur*, however, appeared to predominate in Edith's bearing. She became fitful in her humors, and bitter occasionally in her words. As for her manner to Marcus Brinton, it was as cold and as haughty as can well be imagined. She would sometimes make no reply whatever when he addressed her, and several times refused to appear in the parlor when he sent up his name. The costliest *gifts* constantly appeared, with "Mr. Brinton's compliments to Miss Wilford;" and the animated iceberg continued his assiduous attentions. There is a certain pertenacity and tenacity about cold men when they do fall in love, which is certainly interesting as a study of human nature in one of its various phases. Mark Brinton's frigid, unrelenting firmness of purpose was truly remarkable. Edith would raise her eyes calmly to the level of his when he addressed her, and either look directly at him without replying at all, or else make some sarcastic answer to his remarks. Had he withdrawn his proposal, she would, in her unhappy love for Egbert, at least have been more tranquilly, passively, miserable. Poor infidel in love! peaceful creed; hers was a heart without a haven.

Egbert met her one evening at a ball given by a mutual friend, Mrs. Commodore Granger. When Edith entered the rooms, Egbert was conversing with a beautiful woman, to whom the hostess had insisted upon introducing him. He stood beside the lady calmly and indifferently enough, but raising his eyes suddenly met Edith's look fixed upon him with an expression of such agony, that he stood for a moment perfectly bewildered. In an instant more, with an abrupt bow to the "new beauty," as young Mrs. Frank Rogers, a West Indian belle, was that season called, he followed Edith, but she had passed on into the rooms, and he saw her wreath of violets far beyond the dancers, as she went through a quadrille with a young English officer. Egbert saw her no more till the guests began to disperse, when he perceived her form in the glare of the street-lamps mingled with that from the illuminated mansion which she was quitting. Marcus Brinton standing beside her, was handing her into her father's carriage.

A hundred times had Egbert's untiring, ardent affection urged him to write to Edith, and tell her how much, how truly he loved her. Yet he shrank from committing this avowal to paper. He longed to see her face, when he should at last find an opportunity to ask her to become his wife. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," he would say to himself. "Her shy, fickle manner is perhaps, only like all women's ways."

Time passed, and he could not obtain an interview with Edith. She seemed to have rushed into a constant whirl of gayety. Balls, concerts, and *fêtes* followed one upon another. It was but a vain effort on her part to forget. Her father treated her still as a child—she still feared him.

Egbert, in riding on horseback in the Park, would sometimes meet Edith with her father. A hasty bow as their horses rushed passed him, was all the notice he could obtain. In the world Miss Wilford was more than ever a belle, and always surrounded. Her father, her *fiancé*, and her brother, seemed to form a sort of body-guard about her. In fine, it had become impossible to speak to her alone.

At last, at a private morning-concert at a Mrs. Hermway's house, Egbert found a moment's opportunity for addressing Miss Wilford. The piano was sighing forth an airy *nocturne*, and the sound of the instrument covered their voices.

"It rests with you whether I sail for Europe next month, or not," said Egbert to Edith; he spoke sadly and dejectedly.

"Mr. Wallace, are you not almost tired of making me the heroine of the little social *comédie larmoyante*, by which I have been given to understand, you are in the habit of enlivening your hours of ennui? For a gentleman so fond of indulging in declarations of the tender passion, and varying the objects to whom he addresses such avowals, I must admit that you have shown a singular degree of perseverance as regards myself. I cannot, however, sufficiently highly appreciate that constancy, and am not disposed to be pointed out in the world as one of those whom Mr. Wallace has wooed and forgotten."

One explicit word—one word that would have revealed the true natue of Egbert's attachment, would have prevented the miserable result. Egbert, unaware that Edith had not comprehended his words in their true sense, remained bewildered and stunned.

"Who has so maligned me to you?" he exclaimed.

"One who knows you well," replied Edith, rising.

"Edith! I entreat you, hear me!" said Egbert, in a hoarse whisper.

"Mr. Wallace, we are not alone; nor have you a right to so familiarly address one who, when you meet her again, will be the wife of another."

With these words, Edith crossed the room, appropriated her father's arm to lean upon, pleaded indisposition, made her adieux, and left the concert.

"The wife of another!" muttered the unfortunate Egbert. He sat amazed, watched Edith as she departed, and when she had gone, he rose. His face was deadly pale as he bowed his way out of the concert. He reached home, and there his uncontrollable emotion overpowered him. Great tears fell upon his hands locked before his eyes. He felt like a shipwrecked mariner alone upon a desert-island, gazing upon the vanishing sails of the only ship which could have borne him to a home.

"One more—one last effort. If that fails me, I am lost indeed."

* * * * *

On the following morning the wedding took place at one of the fashionable churches in Fifth Avenue. The day fixed for the marriage had not been generally known, owing to the very great number of Colonel Wilford's acquaintance, and the well-known uncomfortableness of a crowded church-wedding. I once attended one where the bride's veil, owing to the density of the crowd, was half rent from her head before she reached the altar; and where a young officer put his foot through the illusion-tulle of one of the bridesmaid's dresses. It had been considered expedient to keep Edith's wedding-day secret, except from a select circle of intimates.

The most beautiful bride of the season, pale as death, descended from her carriage at the door of the vast edifice within whose sacred walls she was about to pronounce a most unhallowed vow. Why did no voice from Heaven cleave the air and forbid the inquitious rites? Why did not the walls fall and crush the miserable woman going to that in comparison to which death would have been a blessing? The days of saving miracles are gone by.

The bridesmaids swept after their fairer friend in all their paraphernalia of white. There was no vestige of color in Edith's face before, during, or after the ceremony. Her responses were entirely inaudible; and when the marriage rites were over, she mechanically leaned upon Marcus Brinton's arm, and found her way thereby out of the church. The compliments and congratulations of the wedding-party of friends, she received with a cold, well-bred smile. She did nothing dramatic nor romantic. Mrs. Marcus Percival Brinton's manner did not afford room for any gossiping remark. It was simply perfect, the perfection of frigidity; that of the bridegroom was flurried in comparison. The wedding-dinner and ball lasted till one o'clock, and then Edith found herself alone in the magnificent boudoir of the superb house to which a close carriage had conveyed the wedded pair.

Gretchen entered at this moment and handed her a letter. It was addressed to "Miss Edith Wilford." It had been handed that morning by Egbert Wallace to Pierre, who had passed it on to Gretchen.

Gretchen, engrossed in a thousand duties, had forgotten it. It had been written at the very hour when the holy rites of the church pronounced Marcus Brinton and Edith Wilford man and wife; and declared that what God had joined, "no man" should "put asunder." Had it reached Edith one hour sooner it would have changed the future of two desolate lives.

It was as follows:

"Edith, you have been a curse to me, but I will not curse you, dearest, forever dearest, for the work that you have done. It is not a little thing to trifle with a true heart, and mine had never learned the lesson of suffering until you taught it. I came to you with a soul full of love. I loved you from the first hour I passed in your society. Could you not see it? Could you not feel it? You are about to become the wife of another. Until you are so, I have a right to address you. Your cruel words of yesterday have wrung my heart. I have never deserved them. I came to you sincerely, heaven knows how sincerely, as a man only comes, unless he is a villain, when he has resolved to make the woman he so seeks his honored wife. I would so love, so cherish you, Edith, that your life would be the happiest because the best, to which woman can attain. Edith, I have no pride to you. I do beseech you to pause. You are about to swear at the altar, poor, motherless child, you do not know what oath. Hear me. Let the consequences be what they may, if you will defy all, and become my wife, I will bear them. Remember your immortal soul, and do not swear what you will be unable to fulfill. Edith, your life, wedded to one whom you do not, cannot love, will be one of such horror as I shrink from contemplating. You see how much I love you; you have almost spurned me, and yet my manhood kneels at your feet. Turn to me, confide in me, I will not fail you. Every pulse of my heart is yours, a single word from your hand will bring me to you again, and then life, *life together*, Edith, will be ours. I have staked my last hope upon this appeal; if you reject it, you will have committed a crime, for you will have destroyed that belief in woman which is the lamp I have lighted to guide me upwards to heaven. If you refuse me, as I swear I believe you love me, your eyes have told me so, you may kneel for mercy to an offended God. He may forgive you, but by my hopes of immortality!—no, without you, it seems to me, I shall have none—but by the heart you will have crushed, I swear, *I never will*.

EGBERT WALLACE.

Edith grasped the letter. She had, then, lived up to a lie. Men could love, love even with the giant passion which was tearing up her heart at this moment. Her father's theory had been false, her unbelief in the perfection of the power of that love which might have made her life a paradise with Egbert Wallace, had been a blasphemous outrage against that Being who had endowed him, as well as herself, with the undying strength of love's uttermost power. She realized the sterling value of the heart she had failed to understand. Her own heart, which she had trained up to such coldness, the sneering unbelief which she had cultivated within her own soul, a hideous reflection of the Colonel's cynicism, materialism, and atheism, now brought to its victim, his wretched daughter, her unrelenting doom. She, the wife of Marcus Brinton, loved, adored, worshipped, Egbert Wallace. She knelt upon the floor overwhelmed with this horrible conviction. It seemed to her that something overstrained must snap in the terrible struggle within her bosom. She had leaned against the gates of heaven, and now a door of flame opposed her entrance. The dear heart upon which she longed to pillow her aching heart, far from her own, must forever ignore her tender, imperishable affection. She should see him no more. At the thought that he might meet her as the wife of another, and that her face might not be calm as a stone effigy beneath his look, that something might betray the shameful fact that she, a wife, loved *him*, the woman could have shrieked with horror. Death would be better than to be thus dishonored even in the *thoughts* of another. She might endure her agony—for to cease to live is not within the power of those who desire death, though the thought of crawling through life through years and years which, to her bewildered mind, seemed to extend to eternity, of living the wife, just heaven! the wedded wife! the property, the possession of another than Egbert seemed to crush in her brain. At this moment Mark Brinton knocked at the door. She sprang to her feet. Without waiting, her husband entered. Was it not his right? He approached her. Women who may read of Edith, will pity her. If Egbert lived in misery, it was at least passive misery, while here was the "body of death" and none to deliver—a breathing horror, an incarnate hell.

Brinton approached his fair wife, and placing his hand upon her head, bent over her lips to set a husband's kiss upon her mouth. The look of wild, unutterable misery that met his eyes would have turned anything else that was human to stone, and with that look Edith fell like a corpse at her bridegroom's feet.

* * * * *

Their present behavior in society is something which merits the attention of the admirers of art. Anything more statue-like than the wedded pair it would be impossible to behold. The conventional, icy smile on Mr. Brinton's lips, the frigid acceptance of mutual, inevitable notice, the whole style and manner of the frozen *ménage* is something instructive to behold.

Harvey Heckman says he thinks that there is "some confounded mystery or other about it." "I'll be switched if I don't think she must have cared for Bert after all," he remarked to Jack Hermault, a friend of Egbert Wallace, "she looks like the Marble Bride."

"The Sphinx will be explained some day," replied Jack Hermault, "but woman—never!"

* * * * *

In his solitary apartments Egbert sat alone; he held in one hand the newspaper, announcing the marriage of Edith with Mark Brinton, the other hand was pressed upon his heart. It would not break, for man is strong, but to the glittering fountain of youth, over which had played the sunlight of hope and the soft breeze of life's summer joy this marriage had substituted a stagnant pool, from whose loathsome waters, swept over by the simoon of unbelief, the very soul turned shudderingly away. In Egbert Wallace faith in woman was dead. He had better have been a beggar, with one living, pure, earnest belief. Doubt would rise up, a ghastly phantom, forever henceforth between him and the fairest face. The truest lips would seem to him only to utter skillful lies. A thousand looks of Edith in which her soul had betrayed itself rose up in memory. She had been false to the soul that looked out of her beautiful eyes, and ignoring the fact that one woman is as unlike another as if there were absolute difference of sex, and believing Edith's looks to have been *acting*, he cursed all women in his embittered heart. Edith Wilford had destroyed the better part of existence. The youth of his heart was gone, life was a mockery, woman a lovely, horrible falsehood, a beautiful lie, his dreams of marriage-love a wretched lure, death, death alone was real, and the sooner it came to him the sooner his heart-strings would loosen their straining, and he would be at rest. Weary pilgrim, man's doom was upon him, the cup with that wine, by quaffing which death cometh, was not for his lips, he must suffer, for he must live on.

Harvey entered.

Egbert had sunk back upon the lounge. In proportion to his physical strength was his mental suffering. Brow, cheek and lip were ashen with the pale hue of mental anguish.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? Moping and sighing that way about a woman!" exclaimed Harvey, whose eye instantly fell upon the announcement in the newspaper. "If you do not rouse yourself you will break up your constitution. I swear," said he violently, for his conscience was not at ease, "I would like to immolate the woman who has made you suffer!" The desolate misery of Egbert's face brought unwonted tears into Harvey's eyes.

"I do not suffer, but I shall never again believe."

You may still meet Egbert Wallace in society. He is always cold and reserved. The wife of Marcus Brinton never smiles.

The "affair" between Edith Wilford and Egbert Wallace is generally alluded to in society as "a mere flirtation."

Colonel Wilford habitually speaks of the Brinton establishment as one of the best things he ever effected. "There is my daughter now, has an immense fortune at her command, she will have, beside, all I shall leave her, no end of comfort, city house and town house. She has held her position and will hold it. Her husband is a perfect gentleman. Now—how—much—better—than to have made one of those pre-pos-ter-ous love-matches," he would drawl—"and all this, my dear fellow," he would add—laying his hand confidentially upon the shoulder of the companion of the moment, "is entirely owing to the way in which I trained up that girl!"

A FRENCHMAN, who had nothing better to do, put three thousand flies into a room, with a loaf of sugar pounded up, and at the end of four days he found they had eaten it all but a tablespoonful. He therefore calculates that at thirteen cents per pound a fly in its little life eats the value of twenty cents.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Drearily, dreamily falls the rain,
Chillily 'gainst my window-pane,
Drearily weeping from cloudy skies
On the woods, where the glory lies
Of dying summer, on maple leaves,
Whose crimson and gold such beauty weaves,
Covering the hills with drapery cold,
The dying leaves with a tomb of mold,
Oh! the dreary Autumn rain.

Dreamily falls the Autumn rain,
Filling my heart with an aching pain,
Veiling the face of beautiful night,
Robbing us now of the moon's pale light,
Bowing the heads of the ripened grain,
Crushing the beautiful flowers with pain,
Darkening the gorgeous maple leaves,
Rippling songs from the dripping eaves,
Oh, the weary Autumn rain.

Oh, the wailing voice of the Autumn rain
Mourns for our dead on the battle plain,
Making valleys in the church-yard grass,
Echoing joys that's forever past,
Wearily sighing for summer dead,
Sadly weeping for glories fled,
Nothing but sorrow, sighing and pain,
Ever sounds from the Autumn rain.

EMMA ALICE ROGERS.

MOUNT AIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Down from a dizzy height I looked upon the teeming streets of the metropolis. Without, it was cold and dismal. The snow lay whitely over the housetops; but on the streets its purity was soiled beneath trampling feet. No more for me would stretch the broad, spotless fields of loveliness, upon which the eye had feasted from infancy! How my lips curled and trembled now to look back upon the past—that past from which I had gazed to the future with unsatisfied longings—the little, contracted past when the future seemed boundless, infinite—were I but free to make my own destiny! No wonder my lip curled involuntarily with self-contempt, or that it trembled in remembering what had been lost. But I had sought my fate, and now I would abide it. The Present had placed me in manacles. I found myself an unit in one great, throbbing mass of humanity, hemmed in by bricks and stones. Steeples rose to my sight where mountains used to tower against the wintry sky, and I must needs climb to the very top of my retreat to breathe freely. The narrow patch of sky that was visible only seemed to increase my hunger for that limitless expanse which had taxed the eye to measure its beauty. In truth it has been said, that we never appreciate the blessings with which we have been crowned until they are lost.

Mount Airy lay far in the distance. I had spoken a last farewell to every precious spot; had gathered together all my little valuables, and with the proceeds of the furniture as my only dower, found myself alone in the great, strange world, an attic studio and chamber attached, for my home, and the untried future before me.

Like the German philosopher in Sartor Resartus I now stood in my desolation, looking down upon the great city beneath me, with its restless human life, its dismal gloom—its glinting lights here and there—speculating upon what was to come. But my thoughts did not pierce inquiringly beyond the world in which I lived. I was content to confine them to the world of mortality, and leave the immortal soul to that future God has promised it. My business was with my mortal life, and I bowed my head against the cold glass of the window, listening to the dreary sough of the wind around the corner with a sickening sense of helplessness words cannot describe. As upon a bright picture I had gazed in memory upon that scene at Mount Airy, where I had paced the green earth in my impatience, ignoring, or willfully flinging aside the tender love and sympathy which had been mine, in recklessly wishing for a different mode of existence—even this! Oh, mad, and blind of sight! What had I found in recompense for the lost? Well, it was *this*—loneliness so utter, no voice bade me kindly good morrows—no lips touched my brow or cheek—no hand clasped mine, or smoothed my hair. Were I to lie down and die to-night, not one living soul near me would cheer my soul in its mysterious flight to its Creator. Was I fully realizing the difference now? Was I satisfied with the change?

Lower and lower sank my head. Great hot tears plashed upon the window sill, and soon upon my knees, beside that one little open space in my room, through which came light and air, I was sobbing bitterly, and praying for that strength which seemed to be deserting me.

"Oh, father, mother, in your far-off graves, cold and mute, from you I can no longer hope for comfort! If it were possible to return, to minister to the children of earthly love left behind in your flight, I would not dare to ask you for even the comfort of invisible presence! My Father, my Father, is there *no* hope for me? Must I grovel forever in the dust of consumed joys? Will no ray of light fall henceforth upon the dreary path of my life—of which I am weary in early youth? For what am I to live—for what labor? Show me the way, oh, my Father, for:

"'I am blind, in rough paths groping
With outstretched hand and sightless eyes,
Through gloom so dense, I scarce am hoping
That dawn will ever gild the skies.
Dim, grisly spectres hover o'er me,
Filling my quaking soul with fright—
Thou, of all worlds the sun and glory—
Radiant Redeemer, be my light.'"

I did not heed the passionate intensity of my own voice, which rang weirdly through the lonely room; but as the words passed my lips, a step, and a hand upon my shoulder, caused me to spring from my recumbent posture with a stifled cry of affright. The months of suffering which had preceded my coming to this place, and the loneliness, seclusion and labor which followed, had made me weak and nervous. Before the old white-haired artist, of whom I had taken lessons since coming to New York, I stood quivering and ready to faint with the sudden shock of his presence.

"You seem sad," he said, regarding me curiously. My impetuosity came back under the influence of his cold, unsympathetic voice.

"Sadness is no name for misery, Signor Arrhigi."

"And you are miserable? Wherefore?"

"Because all that is worth living for is gone—home, friends—love!"

"So much the better for your Art. An Artist should live only for his profession. Other interests distract the mind—divide our purposes. We must live *solely* for it, or we fail."

"There is no joy in success in which no one else rejoices. The utter selfishness of the life you advocate makes it loathsome. There is no beauty in it. Had God left me but one only, to be glad if I accomplish anything, there would be a reason for daily and nightly toil, and I should never weary. I cannot work for myself only."

"You need not. In the love of Art, what we do worthily, exalts that Art on which our talents and labor are expended. Aside from that, success brings gold, gold gives power, and power is happiness for both the generous and the selfish. If you seek happiness, seek in any way you like, after the gold is won. But above all else, win it, girl."

Was it loathing that made me put up my hands between that gray-haired old man and my face, that I might hide from my sight the glittering eyes and avaricious face? He laughed a clear, mocking laugh, and turned to my easel, from which he coolly lifted the cover to gaze upon my work.

By the dim light, the outline only was discernible, and he sought the lamp as he might have done in his own studio. Having lighted it, he stood for several minutes in contemplation.

"Where did you get this subject? Is it from Nature or Imagination?"

"From Nature."

"There is such a spot as this? You have painted yourself here—though the features are not yours. Those two graves under the willows, with the moonlight streaming through upon them, contain some one dear to you. The language of the upturned face—breathing through every line and curve of your form, is the same I heard upon your lips when I entered to-night. You should call it *Supplication*. You painting for those, who, like yourself, believe are in the efficacy of prayer. Very well. There is not one feature in the picture that is not in itself a mute but powerful prayer. Is it this for which you strove when your brush touched this canvas into passionate life?"

"Yes."

"Then you have done well. If you believe in God—and if you believe also, as I have gleaned from your bitterness of chance expressions, that He has punished you by bereavement for insensibility to His gifts, accept your punishment humbly; take up your life and work it into His purposes. You will not dare to fling back the gift of your genius in His face. To sink in despair, groping for any aim beyond the one you have, is cowardly. Do not shut your eyes always to what you hold, seeking for something else before you do your appointed work. Believe that through His own will He has brought you to this point, and His purposes must be fulfilled. Go to work, and let me hear no more of misery."

As abruptly as he had come, he turned and left me, before I could recover from the astonishment into which his strange manner had thrown me.

As his slow steps rang on the stairs, I turned back to my easel, willing to study the work he had pronounced well done. Until now, few words of approval had cheered me. He silently noted my progress; quietly altered a feature, or changed a tint. His remarks were brief and terse, always conveying some needed lesson, but no more. Evidently, he was chary of his opinions as his words; and I sometimes smiled to myself when I thought that he gave me only that for which he was paid. But for his closing speech to-night, this thought must have been confirmed greatly to his detriment. That saved him. The heart that could prompt the severe rebuke which he had administered, could not be all callous, or tender only to golden influences. His words rang in my ears ceaselessly. In no gracious manner had they been spoken. A gentler tone would have broken me down with womanly longing for sympathy. The stern, unvarnished truth strung me to an unusual self power, and I bent my sick heart to my cooler and sterner judgment. Accepting the truth, I took it as the sufferer swallows a nauseous pill, and waited the effect.

Several days passed ere Signor Arrhigi came again. Then he crept stealthily into my studio and stood behind me in silence, until the influence of his presence made me look up. His eyes were still keen and glittering, but I detected in them an unwonted softness, a feeling that was new, and which mantled his face with an almost tender pity. Laying his hand upon mine, he took the brush away gently.

"You work too hard. To disregard the open air and exercise necessary to health is a species of suicide. Come out and refresh overtasked energies. The air is keen and cold, but like new wine to the senses. Come."

I had no will to resist, so I rose and donned cloak and hood for a walk. Descending to Broadway, he led me through the crowd and into quieter streets, until we reached the river.

"Are you warmly clad?" he asked as we neared the water.

"Yes."

"Sufficiently to keep out the stinging cold of the air off the water?"

"I think so."

"Then we will cross over."

And we went over, standing defiantly outside the door where we could watch the moonbeams dancing upon the water. When we reached the other side he drew my arm through his own and hurried forward, presently beginning to ascend a hill. Once upon the summit of the eminence, he drew me out into a vacant lot, through which the wind swept drearily, and pausing, slightly pulled back my hood from my face, and bade me look.

"Oh, how beautiful!"

"Aye! it is beautiful! See the vast expanse of land and water! The city is glorious as we see it from here; with its myriads of glittering lights, its stately steeples towering against the clear blue of the starry sky. I try to forget when I am looking upon it as now, that there is sin and suffering amid all the entrancing beauty. Over the waves lies the moonlight, and through them move those steamers like things of life. Where will you find one unsightly blemish in the whole scene? One might say that it is one vast array of perfect beauties; and it is, as we see it, under the shielding cover of night. Here we see Brooklyn from the heights on which we stand. Yonder is New York, and there Jersey City. The water is bounded by glittering chains of light. Above us the sky is spotless, studded with stars whose calm gaze soothes me into inexpressible serenity of spirit. Look you, girl. Drink your fill of earthly beauty, and thank God for the soul to appreciate it which He has given you. Your Bible tells you that 'many are called, but few are chosen.' It is not all who can look with seeing eyes upon a scene like this."

I assented mutely, for I could not speak. Though I shivered with the force of the keen blast, I was heedless, for my soul was astir with olden memories, and the tears coursed rapidly down my cheeks.

Signor Arrhigi peered into my hood, seeing my silence, and I choked down a sob resolutely. He saw the effort and smiled—a soft, gentle smile, that said:

"Struggle on, poor little heart. I will be still till you win the victory. We must conquer of ourselves, or the triumph is worthless."

With quick, rapid strides he hurried me back to the river, and across to the city again. I thought he intended to take me home, but instead, he led me again to Broadway, and up its still crowded pavements, slowly, steadily. He did not talk, but his black eyes danced here and there with lightning-like glances in search of objects to which he could direct my attention.

We were close to the Academy of Music, so close that we heard the final strains of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and saw the audience issuing from the building. Suddenly the Signor paused near a strolling musician, and held my arm tightly.

"Listen," he said.

The sweet, tender notes of a harp swept out upon the night, half drowned by the rude, harsh rattles of carriages over the stones. And amid the din, clear and sweet as a bell, a child's voice rose, chanting a touching ballad. Now and then a convulsive shiver of the little frame shook her voice as she sang, and I saw her draw the tattered shawl more closely around her shoulders. Involuntarily I urged the Signor nearer, so that I could see the little half frozen, pallid face, with its sad, wistful, imploring eyes glancing everywhere.

"You see this child, Signorina? Her voice is very fine for a little child's. She has been rarely gifted. This gift she uses to supply half a dozen miserable ones with bread. She will not die within doors, for want of exercise in the open air. She uses her gift to a purpose. That harper is her uncle, and blind. Her mother is a hopeless cripple, and there are half a dozen brothers and sisters younger than she. Her voice is her sole gift, but it is life to all those miserable ones."

"Yes, she has something to live and labor for, if your story is true. There are others who have no such ties, and ambition may not be as strong as natural love."

"Could you not live for such as those? Would it not please you to be able to take that little child from the pollution of a street life like this, and educate her, clothe her decently, and rear her for a useful life among noble women? If your soul is not capable of living for Art alone, you can create noble, if baser interests."

"Why do you place humanity in a lower scale than Art? What Art can reach the Saviour—and He said, 'In as much as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me!' A pitying love for our suffering fellow creatures, is a direct link that connects us with the Supreme and Divine love."

His withered hand patted mine approvingly, but from the depths of my stirred heart I put a protest against him.

"You are trying me by intricacies and bewilderments. There seems no clear purpose visible in your inconsistency. Speak to me plainly always. Say what you will boldly. Point out my faults in all their hideousness, and show me how to overcome them; but do it directly. I cannot tolerate the twistings and turnings you take to bring me to an object. You are strangely capricious in all you do. At one time, I must believe you cold and unfeeling, bitter, misanthropic, without faith in God or man. *What* would you have me believe you, when you turn from such positions to confront me with scenes like this. Tell me your whole aim and object. Let me see your own heart—for what *you* live and labor, and what you believe. What are you trying to do?"

He laughed softly, then patted my hand again, answering with earnestness:

"I want you to make you forget yourself in your work, and yet to care so much for yourself as to make you heed well how you use your powers. Take care of your health. You have been bereaved, are lonely, heart sick, and scorning to look upon a life of hard labor through selfish aims only. Nature has no near ties to bind you, and you must form new ones—not enslaving ones, but those that may be thrown aside at any time, and left only as pleasant memories. In short, I want you to work well—give your whole heart and soul to this work, and grow into the artist I think you capable of becoming. All else must be secondary to this aim, but secondary objects may make up the full sweetness of a great, grand life. Be an Artist, and at the same time, make for yourself a home in suffering hearts. Be a true, good woman."

Rich and full, his tones fell impressively upon my ear, as we turned away. In passing the child, I dropped a few coins into her hand, my heart full of pity, and throbbing with new emotions. I knew then that the inconsistency of which I had complained, was in myself. I had been claiming for myself a higher aim than I deserved. While refusing to live only for myself, it was from pure selfishness the refusal sprang. Ah, me! How little we understand ourselves!

This was but the beginning of the useful lessons taught me by the good old Artist, who came day after day to lighten my toil, or urge me forth for exercise. His life was a rare example. Everything he did was for a purpose, and if he chose strange and novel,—even startling ways, of expressing his views, it was only that he might the more fully impress it upon my mind, that I might remember the lesson.

As the time sped, I grew interested, eager, hopeful—sometimes almost happy. I was better and stronger under the good old man's influence, and the knowledge cheered me. To look into the future I dared not yet. My life was in the present, and I would not see beyond it. Not yet had I reached that point where the strength I possessed would suffice me. But I hoped to reach it, and let each day develope itself while my restlessness expended itself in legitimate work.

Thus the Winter and Spring passed. Signor Arrhigi had disposed of my pictures to such great advantage, I found myself able when the Summer was gone, to carry out a long cherished wish, and visit the Old World. Accompanied by a maid and Signor Arrhigi, who assumed over me the guardianship of both friend and master, I sailed for Europe in the early Autumn, and when the Winter was fairly begun again, I was studying the old Masters in Italy.

Were there no dark days for me, think you, kind reader, beneath those sunny skies? Ah, yes; many. A thousand times my heart throbbed heavily; a thousand times my tears fell; but it was in silence. No eye was ever suffered to witness my grief or loneliness, and my remedy was in action.

It was no fault of mine, if when I sat within the stately palace of Durazzo at Genoa, gazing upon that divine creation of Cagliari's (Paul Veronese) genius, a living figure would sometimes seem to rise between me and the gentle face of the Saviour, upon whose feet Mary poured out the fragrant ointment that she might prove her love for Him before whom she bowed adoringly. Wherever I went it was the same. Rembrandt's wonderful landscapes filled me with ceaseless yearning. I could turn nowhere that the ghosts of the past did not haunt me, and unappreciated blessings, now fully understood, rise up to chide me into vain regrets.

This as the time sped, and I began to count years instead of months, spent in the galleries of Art at Rome, Florence, Venice, and the myriad other places into which our wanderings brought us.

And, with the slow passage of years, grew the one deep, strong sentiment of my heart, that was stronger than all others. I panted for that love which I had put aside carelessly in the days gone by, but for which I cherished no hope. Such a long gap of silence lay between us! The promise that I had made to Howard Raise was fresh in my memory, but I could not fulfill it. Maidenly modesty and pride stood between, and I had not the courage to rise above them merely for the sake of making good a rash promise.

"Ah, if he would but seek me," I whispered to myself. "If he would but come and once more offer to me that priceless blessing of his love! Then would my life spread into one golden expanse of beauty. Then could I thank God with a true heart for the talents that had been given me—the strength that had upheld me in their cultivation, for *he* would be proud of my achievements, and I could rejoice in his approbation.

Four years had gone! The brief, bright dream of hope that had buoyed me up in the first months of my studies was faded already. I continued to study and improve, but it was more from a stubborn pride than a fixed and noble principle. Seeing this, I began to stimulate a slumbering interest in the painting of my old home from memory.

Numberless little sketches, well preserved in my portfolio, which had lain hidden away among sacred relics, were brought forth to aid me, and I commenced painting Mount Airy. To this I gave all of my best and most cultivated power. The season was my favorite among the hills—Autumn, and I touched the rare, ripe colors with a life and beauty never before achieved. I had put my soul into the work, and its passion throbbed through every line and curve of the dear old spot over which my brush lingered with faithful accuracy. Signor Arrhigi was enraptured, and stood over me with protestations of delight while I labored. Ah, little did he dream that I was working out my destiny amid the glowing colors he had taught me to use with such good effect—that "Mount Airy" was to be the seal upon my fate!

It was done at last, and hurried off for exhibition by Signor Arrhigi. Had I been still more ambitious than I was the result must have pleased me. We were in Venice, and it had been taken to the Academy, where I had spent many days in studying the highest works of Art with which it abounds. Now it was pleasant to me to watch the crowds that gathered about *my* work—to hear the praises that fell from lips whose lightest words were law in that world peopled by Artists. It may have been vanity largely, which gave to my blood the quick flow and throb of keen delight; but, be this as it may, no word of commendation was so sweet as that which praised the subject rather than the work. It had been my home, and though it had passed from my possession, its beauty when praised by strangers, who saw only the semblance, thrilled me with pride and delight.

One day I sat alone, some distance from the spot where my picture had been hung. For an hour I had been dreaming, with my eyes fixed upon Cagliari's painting of Christ Entertained by Levi, wondering at the power and sweetness the artist had combined in the serene face of his Lord.

"So, I have found you at last!" said a voice at my side. My heart throbbed one wild, quick response ere my startled eyes could seek the calm, smiling face, and Howard Raise clasped my hand in his strong, steady palm.

"I have dreamed of a meeting like this," he continued, looking down into my face, which I vainly strove to control; "and now I have come to realize it. I knew when I saw the picture just now, which is making you famous, that you must be in the building, and I find you as I expected, before a Paul Veronese. You like him?"

"Inexpressibly, in spite of his willful disregard of propriety."

"I have sometimes wondered at his success in remembering that disregard of which you speak. He dealt freely in improbable, even in impossible things. Yet when we stand before his creations as now, the wonder changes under his magical power. It passes belief that we could have found fault with him."

"You have seen his death of St. Sebastian, in St. Sebastian church?"

"Yes—and his 'Venice Crowned by Fame,' in Maggior Consiglio hall. I never weary of his works. Perhaps, excepting Rembrandt, there is no other I like so much. A critic would condemn me for the confession, but he is above Raphael, even."

Thus he led me on in a conversation upon Art and Artists, sweeping lightly but discriminatingly over the broadest fields, until I forgot my agitation, and settled down into the sick desolation that seemed the result of one last hope shattered. No trace of the lover remained in this calm, noble-looking man. His hand had clasped mine kindly—no more. His eyes rested on my face with a glad and friendly light, but no lover's rapturous joy. In proportion to my realization of the truth, my pride froze me, and he saw no more in my manner than a stranger might have seen, after the first shock of surprise had passed. We wandered about for hours, from one gallery to another, and finally went home, where he dined with me and Signor Arrhigi. After dinner we chatted about our travels and what we had seen. Never of the past at home. That was a subject from which we both glided intuitively.

It was late when he rose to depart, and stood under the half-subdued chandelier to say good-night.

"I will see you to-morrow, with your permission," he said. "But before I go to-night, I want to ask if—if your painting is for sale?"

My blood kindled and bounded in my veins.

"Sell Mount Airy? No. That is all I have in the world. The best of my power has been expended upon it, and the semblance I will keep."

He drew back proudly, stung by the tone which said, "Would you rob me even of this?"

"Forgive me. I have pained you without intending it. I had not thought it so dear to you."

"We never know ourselves how dear things are until we lose them. At least, I find it the case in my own experience. When they were mine, I had no just sense of their value. Once beyond my reach, and they become more than life."

He bent his face nearer to mine, as the passionate answer broke through my lips. The sudden tide of feeling made me reckless, and I had said an unguarded thing. With that one gaze he read my soul, and the light flashed gloriously into his eyes.

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie, do you mean it, or do I cheat myself?" in deep, trembling accents, while his hand sought mine.

"Read me as you will," I answered faintly.

"Oh, my darling, my darling! Mine at last, my own. Why did you not call me to you sooner? You promised it, Nettie."

His arms were around me, my head upon his shoulder, when I answered,

"Because I was not worthy. I dared not reach for the blessing that I had willfully cast away."

"Then my love is a blessing to you, Nettie."

"An inexpressible one."

Reader, I do not like rhapsodies or love scenes, so I will not treat you to more of mine. If you would like to know more, come to Mount Airy, and Howard and I will entertain you with a history of a wedding that lately took place in Venice.

MAGDALEN.

'Tis I, little brook, only stopping to look
If the water is silent and deep,
If the lily-pads lie too tangled and nigh
In-shore, for one venturesome leap.

Down out of the strife of this horrible life,
Down, down from its buffet and sneer,
To quench in the dark this wearisome spark,
Which the happy and good hold so dear.

I know, little stream, how the rushes will gleam,
When something goes down out of sight;
But the bright evening star, looking on from afar,
Above me will chaplet its light.

Then still as you go to the village below,
You will sing the same song at the door;
They never will know what burden of woe
You are trying to wash evermore.

"Evermore—evermore," how I whispered it o'er,
What will this "evermore" be to me?
Is there never a way a sinner may stray,
From this dreaded to-morrow to flee?

Hark! soft through the dell sounds a church-going bell—
I remember—'tis sweet Sabbath night;
I used to go there, welcome them everywhere,
Now I creep out of everyone's sight.

And father might see and sorrow for me,
And Mary—nay, am I so weak
As just for a look ere I leap in the brook,
To bring up a blush on her cheek?

Nay, one, only one, ere the service is done,
Little brook, you must wait me awhile,
Till I see them once more through the wide, open door,
Father, Mary, pew, pulpit, and aisle.

* * * * *

Plain words were the prayer of the Good Shepherd's care,
Seeking tenderly still for the lost;
Sweet echoed the hymn, through night shadows dim,
The proffer of Life without cost.

But when in the light of the still, starry night,
Came the worshippers out, one by one,
They stopped as they passed at a figure downcast,
At the sound of a prayer and a moan.

"Father, Mary, 'tis I—forgive me—'tis I!"
One touch blessed the dew-christened head,
One pitying kiss.

To you world from this
The sad soul of Magdalen sped.

Flow on, little stream, no dark, troubled gleam
On the face of thy beauty shall die,
But the fast-sinking star, shining over the bar,
Flings across on thy waters to lie. E. L.

AGES OF LIVING PUBLIC MEN.—Napoleon III. is 56 years of age; Alexander, Emperor of Russia, 47; Victor Emmanuel, 45; Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, 81; Lord John Russell, 73; Earl Derby, 66; the Lord High Chancellor of England, 65; Mr. Gladstone, 56; President Johnson, 57; Secretary Seward, 65; Ex-Secretary Cameron, 66; Chief Justice Chase, 57; Charles Sumner, 54; Ben Wade, 65; Senator Wilson, 53; Gen. Banks, 49; Ex-Secretary Fessenden, 59; James Buchanan, 74; Speaker Colfax, 42; Winter Davis, 49; Valiandigham, 44; Senator Morgan, 54; Fernando Wood, 53; Jeff Davis, 57; Slidell, 72; Mason, 67; Breckinridge, 43; Henry A. Wise, 59; Toombs, 55; Orr, 43; Alexander H. Stevens, 53; and Mr. Foster, presiding officer of the U. S. Senate, 59.

OXYGEN.—M. Carlevaris, the inventor of a substitute for the lime in the Drummond light, writes from Genoa to *Les Mondes* proposing a new method of obtaining oxygen. The process consists in heating to low redness the ordinary black oxide of manganese with siliceous sand. Silicate of manganese is formed, and oxygen is liberated. Gas may be produced in this manner at Genoa at a cost of 40 centimes per cubic metre.

☞ A gentleman at an inn, being supplied with a pair of candles which gave a very dim light, called to the waiter: "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles, to see how these others burn!"

The Giants of History.

"There were giants in the earth in those days."
—*Genesis vi. 4.*

It has ever been a popular belief that, in the earlier ages of the world, mankind possessed superior physical properties, and were of a greater size than in our own day; and this notion of diminished strength and stature seems to have been just as prevalent in ancient as in modern times; but all the facts and circumstances which can be adduced tend to the conviction that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as at the beginning of the world. It has been supposed that, prior to the Deluge, men might have been of a larger form, as they are said to have lived to a much greater age, but this is a mere assumption unsupported by any evidence whatever."

Of "Giants" we read both in sacred and profane history, although it is a matter of certainty that at the very time they were esteemed as wonders, and far above the ordinary proportions. In the Old Testament the appellation (in the original Hebrew) is thought to refer to violence and crime rather than to indicate strength or stature. In the Book of Genesis we are told of "the union between the wicked descendants of Cain, who inherited the evil qualities of their progenitor," and the children of Seth, who "began early to call upon the name of the Lord." These are called the "Sons of God," and the former the "Daughters of Men," by the strong figures usual in Eastern composition. From this fatal alliance sprang "mighty men" and "men of renown." There were also "Giants in those days," and the "whole earth was quickly filled with violence." As the result of this inauspicious union between the descendants of Seth and of Cain, fraud, rapine and all possible evils predominated, and with this narrative of Moses' all antiquity agrees. Nevertheless, it seems evident that the races of Rephaim, of Anakim, of Enim, and of Zuzim were remarkable for their comparative size; in the same way, probably, that particular races in our own times are distinguished from others by their superior strength and proportions. Of the existence of individual giants, the particulars of Goliath and Og leave no room for doubt; but such instances may properly be regarded as deviations from the ordinary standard of which there have occurred examples in all ages. Goliath, a famous giant of Gath, who, "morning and evening for forty days," defied the armies of Israel, was in height six cubits and a span, and, excluding his helmet, which was probably taken into account in the recorded measurement, he did not, at most, exceed eight feet six inches, and, therefore, was not taller than some modern giants. In the first Book of Samuel we have the graphic record of the death of the gigantic Philistine, whom the diminutive David slew "with a sling and with a stone." Og, the Amoritish King of Bashan, whose country was delivered into the hands of Israel, was one of the last representatives of the giant race of Rephaim. According to Oriental tradition he escaped the Deluge by wading beside the ark! Although his height is not recorded, we find that his iron bedstead was nine cubits long, by four wide; but, here it must be recollected, that the beds of the ancients were often made one-third larger than actually necessary, in order to leave impressions of wonder.

The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid, and it is scarcely six and a half feet long. From it, and from the height of unrolled mummies, we must conclude that the Egyptians, three thousand years ago, were not taller than the present inhabitants of the country. The same is evident from the buildings designed for the accommodation of man, as well as from ancient armor. Indeed, the swords were frequently much lighter than those of modern times, and the enormous ones used by the Crusaders, being intended but for one overwhelming blow, were wielded with both hands, and could not be recovered for defence.

A reference to the works of Cuvier will show that the fossil bones of colossal quadrupeds—elephants, mastodons, and whales, have been exhibited, and accepted as evidence of pre-historic giants. Even the learned Buffon partook of the popular delusion; but the extravagance of such fallacies has been completely exposed by the accuracy of modern investigation, as well as by the progress of comparative anatomy.

The classical evidence relative to giants is abundant, but obviously untrustworthy. Thus, Plutarch relates that Sarbonius had the grave of Antæus opened, and, finding the body full sixty cubits long, he ordered the tomb to be closed; and Strabo makes mention of a skeleton of the same dimensions. Pliny, in the first century, repeats that an earthquake in Crete disclosed the bones of a human being measuring forty-six cubits, and he adds "that our race was daily becoming smaller"—a most alarming prospect if it had been true. Ancient writers who are free from the influence of fable are found to afford more reasonable testimony. Homer, when speaking of a fine man, gives him four cubits in height (seven feet,) and one in breadth; Aristotle's admeasurement of beds was six feet, at which Vitruvius fixes the usual standard of man. In the reign of Claudius a giant, named Gabbaras, said to be ten feet high, was brought to Rome from Arabia; and an instance is cited by Goropius of a woman of equal stature. Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the Garden of Sallust, were each nine and a half feet; a certain Greek sophist, Procerssius, is said to have been nine feet; and Julius Capitolinus affirms that the Emperor Maximian (who wore his wife's bracelet for a finger-ring) was eight feet and six inches. In the year 1515 Melagnano, a town of Lombardy, was the scene of a famous battle between Francis the First, of France, and the Swiss in the service of the Duke of Milan, which, from its obstinacy and the superior character of the troops on both sides, is known in history as the "Battle of the Giants." Three centuries later (in 1859, four days after the battle of Magenta,) another victory was gained by the French at the same place, when the Austrians were completely routed.

Kirchner discourses on the skeleton of the giant (so minutely described by Boccacio) found in the fourteenth century in a cave near Trapani, in Sicily; it was reported to be three hundred feet in length, and a single tooth was said to have weighed one hundred ounces; but when he visited the place he was shown the remains of a mastodon. The same learned writer has given a comparative scale of five reputed giants, in which Goliah scarcely overtops the ankle of the skeleton at Trapani.

Soon after the discovery of America, stories of gigantic races in the New World were not uncommon, and the Patagonians were said by Byron and the early navigators to be over nine feet in height; but more recent and more reliable voyagers assure us that the average stature of these southern savages averages about five feet and eleven inches. In the year 1712 Dr. Mather, in the "Philosophical Transactions," announced the discovery of enormous bones and teeth which had been found in the state of New York, and which he regarded as evidence of the existence of giants; but these remains were also found to be those of the mastodon. Humboldt says the Guaquilists in Ecuador measured six feet and a half, and that the Payaguas were equally tall; while the Carribees of Cumana, in Venezuela, were the most gigantic people he had seen in the New World.

There is no fixed law by which the human stature can invariably be determined; though there is an average standard from which the deviations either way are not very considerable. Our race varies mostly in height from four and a half feet to a little over six feet; but men and women are occasionally met with of a much greater stature. At the present time the renowned P. T. Barnum has on exhibition a giant and a giantess; the former is represented as measuring eight feet, and "Miss Anna Swan" as "eight feet and over" (?) Taking away the disposition to deal in the marvellous, we may safely assert that no human being has ever existed of a greater height than ten feet, if even that. Of authentic instances of persons who in modern times have much exceeded the ordinary size, a few may be here recorded.

John Middleton, of Hale, in Lancashire, born in 1578, was nine feet three inches in height; his hand, from the carpus to the end of the middle finger, was seventeen inches; his palm eight inches and a half. A blacksmith, named Parsons, who subsequently became porter at the court of Charles the Second, was seven feet two inches, "having strength equal to his height, valor to his strength, and temper to his valor." One of Frederick the Great's grenadiers, a Swede measured eight and a half feet, and a yeoman of the Duke of Brunswick was of the same stature. Here it is worthy of mention that the inhabitants of Potsdam, who are descended from the regiment of Prussian grenadiers, are still remarkable for exceeding the average height, which, says Forster, "is more especially striking in the numerous gigantic figures of women." Bernhard Gill, who was exhibited in France in 1764, and whose height was stated to be ten feet, was certainly more than eight. Several Irishmen of great height have been exhibited; among others was Patrick Cotter, born in 1761. He was eight feet seven inches in stature, his hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, was twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches. He died in 1806. In the museum of the London College of Surgeons is the skeleton of another Irishman, named Charles Byrne (who, however, went by the name of O'Brien). He died in 1783, at the age of twenty-two years, and measured eight feet four inches. "Big Sam," porter to George Prince of Wales at Carlton House, was nearly eight feet, and performed as a giant in the "Romance of Cymon," at the Opera House in London, in 1808. The last on the list, Miles Darden, of Tennessee, born in 1798, was seven and a half feet in height, and, just prior to his death, in 1857, he weighed, according to Appleton's Cyclopædia," over one thousand pounds!

Rapid development of the system invariably brings on premature old age. In one of our magazines a case is recorded of a girl who cut four teeth at the end of the first two weeks, walked about, and had hair reaching to the middle of her back after the seventh month. However, she died in a state of exhaustion in her twelfth year. Precocious mental attainments are frequently as destructive of life as a rapid growth. The wonderful Baratier, at the age of four, spoke and read Latin, French, and German; was an excellent Greek scholar at six, and, when ten years of age, translated the Bible from the original Hebrew; at nineteen he also died of exhaustion. We know little of the cause which occasions the excessive development on which the production of giants depends; however, the renowned Dr. Berkeley, who died in 1753, attempted, with considerable success, to manufacture a giant. He took a poor orphan, named Magrath (also of Irish birth) and reared him on certain hygienic principles, which were so far successful that, at the age of sixteen, he was seven feet, and that at the time of his death (which occurred with all the symptoms of senility at the age of twenty), he was seven feet eight inches in stature. His skeleton is preserved in the anatomical museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

We may here conclude, in the words of another, that "the ordinary size of man is particularly well adapted to his wants and uses; as we generally find that those individuals who deviate greatly from the ordinary standard are neither well proportioned nor healthy, the heads of giants being generally too small, and of dwarfs too large."

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*Kindred to our theme is excessive corpulency, which, if not a serious evil, decidedly is an inconvenience. The ancients held fat people in great contempt; the Roman ladies, for instance, dreaded above all things, too voluminous a development of the chest, to prevent which they were accustomed to apply the raw flesh of a fish called angel. An Oriental prince had an officer to regulate the size of his subjects, who dieted the unwieldy ones to reduce them to a proper condition. In Northern Africa moderate obesity is considered a beauty, and Tunisian young ladies are regularly fattened for marriage—a different practice from that of the Roman matrons, who almost starved their daughters to make them as lean as possible on such occasions. Obesity has frequently been the butt of jocularity; the following lines were, for example, inscribed on the tomb of Mr. Bright, a very corpulent tallow-chandler:—

"Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died of fat, and lived by tallow."

In China, corpulency is considered a blessing, a man's intellectual qualities being esteemed in the ratio of corporeal bulk; and it is well known that the preposterous size of the Hottentots is deemed a perfection; a few years ago we saw one of their Venuses at an exhibition in London, who was an object of mingled curiosity and wonder. Keysler mentions a young man in Lincoln who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, aged twenty-eight, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds. At two years of age, Collett—subsequently Master of Eusham Academy—required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed; at twelve years of age he attained his greatest weight—three hundred and sixty-four pounds. In 1754, died Jacob Powell, of Essex; his body was five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds, requiring sixteen men to carry him to his grave. In 1775, a Mr. Spooner, of Shellington, weighed five hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders. Grose, the celebrated antiquarian—whose name indicated his appearance—was so fat that his butcher requested him to tell all his friends that he bought his meat from him, and the paviors of Cambridge used to beg of him to walk over their work. Dr. Beddoes was so uncomfortably stout that the ladies of Clifton used to call him the "walking feather bed." Daniel Lambert, of Leicestershire, who died in 1809 was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Samuel Sugars, an Englishman, died in 1816, aged fifty-two; his body, with a single pine coffin, weighed seven hundred pounds. James Mansfield died in England in 1766, at the age of eighty-two, his weight being four hundred and seventy-six pounds. Several persons of huge proportions and of both sexes, have been exhibited from time to time, whose actual weights were, for obvious reasons, concealed.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM

Written for the Alumni Association at Tufts College, July 12, 1865.

BY GEORGE CURTIS WALDO.

As within the wondrous caverns,
Where from dripping roof and wall,
Day by day, for countless ages,
Little drops of water fall,

Till the slowly formed stalactites
People all the lonely place
With a myriad shapes of beauty,
And a myriad forms of grace:

So the influence of these trifles
On our future lives shall grow,
As the passing years weave o'er us
Life's great web of weal and woe.

* * * * * * *

By no unit of our measure
Can we gauge the soul's success;
Can we note its silent struggles,
Or its silent blessedness.

In those deep and hidden chambers,
Where the fight goes always on,
There the man is truly tested,
There life's battle 's lost or won.

There he learns from out the ashes
Of his buried self to rise;
Learns life's grandest, holiest lesson,
To endure and sacrifice.

* * * * * * *

But, gazing down the vanished years
On sweet sad pictures of the Past,
From the full heart uprises fast
A gracious mist of blinding tears.

As at the book of memory rise
The forms whose hands we may not press,
And all the old-time tenderness
Beams on us from familiar eyes;

In vain the well-loved names we call,
And vainly bend the listening ear;
The spirit's voice we may not hear;
Our longing cries unanswered fall.

* * * * * * *

And some from quiet walks of peace
Have passed away on noiseless wing,
Like music from a smitten string,
Whose low vibrations softly cease.

But others, mingled in the strife
Where War his crimson torrent poured,—
Their blood has stained the guilty sword
That thirsted for the nation's life.

We may not mourn, nor with our pain
Torment the sympathising air;
For Reason's whisper still is there,—
"Our loss shall be their greater gain."

So fraught with good the peace restored,
Though purchased with their dying breath,
Behind the pallid mask of Death
We see the angel of the Lord.

'Tis hard to die, to leave the light,
And all the yearning heart holds dear;
To feel the icy fingers near,
And know we cannot fly nor fight.

'Tis hard the narrow cell to pace,
And watch the dread impending doom,
And in the solitary gloom
To sit with Famine face to face.

Yet all of this they counted naught,
By great devotion lifted up;
But drained for us the bitter cup,
With death and sternest trial fraught.

* * * * * * *

Oh, sweetly sleep, where'er ye lie,
Who nobly thus have wrought your part?
In a great nation's loving heart
Ye always live; ye cannot die!

The orphan's cry, the widow's tears,
And the brave blood for Freedom shed,
Knit the green memories of the dead
To all the good of future years.

As a tired watcher sighs for morn,
And, through the thronging gloom, does strain
His eager vision, that would gain
Some promise of the coming dawn;

And though no cheering sign appears,
And he can catch no prophet ray,
Yet still the night will end in day;
For God is master of the years.

So through the Nation's bitter hour,
When earth and sky together clashed,
And all the fiends, to fury lashed,
Assailed the citadels of power,

We wearied of the long delay,
And weakly cried, "Is there no God?
Has light by darkness been out-trod?
And will the night not end in day?"

We wildly wept above our slain,
And nursed a raven-brood of fears,
That croaked, "All useless are these tears;
This blood has all been shed in vain."

And then we saw the foremost ray
Of morning scale the walls of night,
And, quenched in floods of orient light,
War's blood-red planet fade away.

And from the trampled battle-plains
The ghastly faces of the dead
Had vanished, and we saw instead
An altar built of broken chains.

And then there fell an angel-voice
In grandest music down the skies:—
"Accepted is the sacrifice;
Let the worn land in peace rejoice!"

* * * * * * *

Where are now the loud-mouthed prophets,
Windy-worded, puffed with pride,
Who our nation's swift destruction
Saw, and wished, and prophesied?

Where the blatant, bragging Briton,
Waiting for his cue from France,
When the mountebank Napoleon
Chose to lead the contra-dance?

For the sympathy denied us,
To our foes so freely given;
For our burning commerce streaming
From the hungry seas to Heaven;

For the lie, the taunt, the insult,
Lavished with a practised hand,—
We return to-day an answer
That they well can understand.

Like the voice of many waters,
When the stormy western seas
Dash upon the iron ledges
Of the wintry Hebrides;

So the mighty shout of victory,
Rising from the ranks of steel,
Bears our message to the nations
In a warning thunder peal;

And an answering shout arises,
Echoing back our armed host,
From our iron-plated bull-dogs
Growling grimly on the coast!

And the moral of the lesson
Plainer grows from day to-day;
Fools and blind the men or nations
Who would stand in Freedom's way.

Sowing to the wind in seed-time,
Though God's wrath may seem to sleep,
In the harvest of the whirlwind
They shall sure destruction reap!

Instruments of his great purpose,
Working out the certain end,
Finite good and finite evil
To the common centre tend.

Light still springs from out the darkness,
Order comes from chaos wild;
All the jarring discords soften,
By His ruling reconciled.

From the valley of the shadow
Comes a higher, nobler life;
And we welcome Peace and Freedom,
Born of battle-cloud and strife.

As the ordeal fierce and fiery,
Purges out a nation's sin;
And the war-cloud, slowly lifting,
Lets the light of Freedom in:

So the cannon's dread evangel,
Preached in fire and death, shall cease,
And the pæans of a people
Welcome back the reign of Peace.

For the mortal strife is over,
And the holy cause is won;
And we see, down all the ages,
God himself is marching on!

Holding Worsted.

BY F. C. LENNARD.

On a certain night not many weeks ago, at the hour of eight by the watch, I was reclining on a sofa—in a house, on a street that shall be nameless, in this city of Brotherly Love—excessively bored. I had been busy all day, and my poor brain had been worked until it resembled the "jarred pendulum" spoken of by the poet. Read, therefore, I could not, or would not. To woo sweet sounds from the harpsichord, now mute—but once, ah, once, divinely eloquent as marble-like fingers swept over its ivory keys, and dainty feet touched its magic pedals—I was unable. The piano stool stood ghastly bare before me, and I was too indolent to conjure up from the depths of memory the lithe, sweet figures who had sat upon it. One bright form voluntarily danced before me—unheeded. What should I do? To sleep at eight o'clock—it was not to be thought of. Would meditation dispel ennui? I had had enough of exploring the abysses of thought, of clutching at the slippery truths hidden at the bottom of very deep wells, of living over my life again by reading on the tablets of memory the records of past pleasures and pains. Should I saunter out into the streets and prowl in the by-ways of the city, where poverty and misery have their abodes, or lounge in the luxurious halls of the hotels where is heard the jingle of the glass, the click of the billiard-ball, and the loud laugh of the reveller? No, none of these to-night. It is in the saloon of beauty that I must seek lethe for cares, and solace for pains. In whose boudoir? Ay, there was the rub!

It could not be in Portia's, for last evening was spent there, and the literary atmosphere there to be found chimed not with my present frame of mind. Should I seek the society of the pretty and volatile Jessica, of the pensive Nydia, of the laughing, enthusiastic Eurice, of the sweet and etherially beautiful Juliet, of the sparkling Kathleen, of the queenly Marie, of Esther, the belle ideal of Philadelphia Quaker beauty, or of the pious Caroline, Dorcas-revivified? There was some serious objection to be urged to each of the above. Some of them I had visited so recently, that I did not wish to flatter them by calling again; others I had delayed visiting for so long, that I was ashamed to go at all—some were too gay, others too serious. I began to despair; when an inspiration seized me. "I'll go and throw myself at the feet of the adorable Ione," said I,—and I went.

The servant who answered the bell flung the door open with a generous width to give me admission. She was an intelligent, courteous Milesian. She did not reconnoitre me through a crack of the door, or express her doubts as to her mistress's whereabouts. She was one whom you could trust to carry your name up to your beloved without fear of its being truncated or deformed. She had a knowing way of looking at one, however, as much as to say: "Here's a fine young chap, who will carry off my young lady some of these days. This is twice he has been here this week." And what if that is so, Mistress Cerberus? Oh, would that the ice could once be broken in our frozen society. Would that the tongues of tattlers could be hushed!

I sent up my card. In a few minutes a rustle of silk was heard, and enter Ione. A rich style of beauty, oriental, bordering on the Jewish. A waterfall was out of place on that head. A turban should have pressed that brow, rubies or garnets pendent from the ears, or her own luxuriant hair should have fallen on her shoulders in clustering ringlets, *a la grec*. As to the rest, her toilette was not out of place. Pearl-silk dress, trimmed with dark red. She was crocheting a *sea foam*, she said, when my card was handed to her, and had rushed down, work and all in her hand, to greet me, I was such a stranger. Flattering this was certainly. The blues began to disappear. I bowed my acknowledgments; and then commenced the war of words. The whole gamut of conversational topics was run. We discussed the return of the opera and Mazzolenl. We gossipped over the last engagement, and the last divorce. Then we wondered what glowing imagery the Rev. Mr. Rivers would bring back with him from the East when his year of travel should have expired. My companion seemed beautiful as the Rebecca of Ivanhoe as we dwelt on this theme. Her face was radiant with enthusiasm until she seemed the Miriam of Holy Writ, and as gloriously eloquent as the Miriam of the romance of Monte Beni.

Even Palestine tires one a little, when its beauties, natural and historic, are dwelt on too long. I was beginning to yawn inwardly, when the lovely crocheter suddenly ceased her dilations on Rachel and Rebecca, Absalom and David.

"Go on," said I, politely.

"I have finished my yarn," said she.

I innocently thought that a joke was intended, and faintly laughed. Her puzzled expression recalled my wandering imagination, and I discovered that she alluded to the ball which, laying on her lap, had become beautifully smaller, as her rhapsodies on the East had waxed painfully longer.

I took up a hank of the snowy yarn, worsted, or cotton, whichever it might have been, placed it on my hands, and assumed the situation described by Longfellow:—

"Then, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands as she disentangled, expertly,
Twist or not in the yarn, unaware—for how could she help it?
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body."

All of the above description was true in my case, except the "electrical thrills." There was a time, perhaps, in my history, when the touch of a slender hand would awaken romance, and incipient moisture would gather in my unsophisticated eyes—but I have not been "societised" for nothing. Romance heartfelt has long since vanished, and its place is ill supplied by cold, conventional sentimentality. The freshness of youth and feeling is soon withered by the poisonous breath of society. Do I exaggerate? You, gentle girl, just feeling the flattering joys of a fresh winter, surrounded as you are by clouds of adulatory incense, you may throw down this paper in disgust, and declare the author of this article to be a cynic, or an impostor. You probably will do this. But when a few more winters pass away—and, after having wasted many precious hours in gayety and dissipation, you are left still in single blessedness, you will acknowledge that the life you have led has been a hollow one, destitute of real enjoyment, and brim full of care.

Society to be profitable and truly agreeable, should be eminently social. This may seem tautology. It is not. Promiscuous society is not social. Strangers are thrown together, never perhaps to meet again. Conversational topics are necessarily few and restricted. There is nothing to compensate for this lack of satisfactory conversation but the pleasures of the dance, the odor of flowers, and the excitement of the music. I acknowledge a fascination to linger around large assemblages. To enter at midnight a luxuriantly furnished saloon—where the lamps glitter scarcely more brilliantly than the eyes of the score of dancing belles—where skillful musicians are making the air lovely with sounds—where all is splendor, grace, and magnificence—is a pleasure well worth experiencing; but after the excitement is all over, one feels wearied, weakened, and, must I say it, disgusted with mankind and himself. But let there be frequent social meetings among loved and congenial friends, and how different is the result. Among persons of kindred tastes the fountains of conversation are always flowing. The fine arts, music, and literature are certain to be intelligently discussed in such a circle. Let us have fewer balls, and more "sociables," and we will be a healthier and wiser generation. I wander.

As Ione wound the worsted, I had time to observe her hand. It was like rose-marble—a prevailing tint of white, with the smallest perceptible tinge of pink. It was aristocratically small. The fingers tapered. It was not a fat hand. It was one that did not need a Jouvin to make it beautiful. She never wore black gloves to make it appear small. If I were Ione I should be proud of that hand. It was such a hand as this that Annie of Austria extended to D'Artagnan to kiss; with such an one, Mary of Scotland signed her abdication; with such an one, Zenobia may have lifted her golden chains. I have been strongly tempted to ask Ione for that hand, but thus far Apollo has preserved me.

The time occupied in winding was long; but, then, as Byron says in one of his naughtiest poems, "the situation had its charm." It is a pleasant thing to sit *vis a vis* with a lovely girl and watch sunbeams and shadows play across her countenance—like as light and shade flit over the polished surface of Ione Windermere, when tangles block up the smoothness of the winding, and difficulties present themselves only to be resolved by skillful application of her magic touch. Unconsciously the figure and head are thrown into attitudes of indescribable grace—even as Leonora Nixon appeared beautiful to the eyes of her cousin as she raced about the hall in the abandon of the pursuit of the shuttlecock. Moreover, there is no better opportunity for a display of a finely moulded arm or delicate wrist, or expensive bracelet.

The winding finished, I was recompensed by a song. The song finished, I took my leave. Thanks to worsted, music, and bright eyes, I had passed a pleasant evening. After a walk home, by the cold light of the stars, I soundly slept—dreamless.

That is a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who, whilst poor himself, had had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think he could not afford to give his services for nothing:—

"Oh, James, don't say the like of that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't; a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if *he brought the fresh air from heaven with him;* I never miss the bit I give them; my heart warms to the soft and homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to receive them in."

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is no material change to note in the Flour market. Sales 5,000 bbls. in lots, mostly to the trade, at $8.25@8,75 for superfine; $8@9,75 for extras; $10@10,50 for standard and good northwest extra family; $11@12 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do., and $12,50@13 ₰ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with small sales of the former at $6,50 ₰ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $3@3,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce; 4,000 bus are reported at $2,10@2,40 for prime to new reds, $2,30@2,45 for old do., and $2,70@3 for white as in quality. Rye—Sales at $1,08@1,12 for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales 25,000 bus, at 93@95c for yellow, and 95@95c for white. Oats—Sales 30,000 bus, mostly Delaware, at 53@54c.

PROVISIONS—Prices of the Hog Product generally are unsettled. Mess Pork is held at $36, and Mess Beef at $14@15 ₰ bbl. Bacon is scarce, and quoted at 27@28c for Hams, 22@23c for Sides, and 20@21c for Shoulders. Lard is selling 28@30c for tes. Butter—Packed is selling at 30@40c; roll 42@44c; and Goshen 45@50c, the latter for choice. Cheese is selling at 17@19c ₰ lb. Eggs are worth 35c ₰ doz.

COTTON is unsettled. Sales 1,200 bales, at 55@56c for ow and good middlings.

BARK—Quercitron is steady at $32 ½ for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is selling at 49@50c ₰ lb.

COAL—The market is not very active. Sales at $10@$11 ₰ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—A few small lots have been disposed of at 20 ½@21 ½c for Rio, gold.

FEATHERS are selling at $1 ₰ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell more freely at $1 ½@6, and Cranberries at $11@11 ₰ bbl.

HAY sells at $16@18 ₰ ton.

HOPS are selling at from 38 to 60c, the latter for prime new.

LUMBER is firm. Prices range at $28@30 for White Pine; Yellow Sap $26@27; Lehigh Hemlock $20@21 for Boards, and $18 ₰ M for Scantling.

OILS—Petroleum—Sales at 26@28c for crude, 60@62c for refined in bond, and 80@83c for free Oil.

PLASTER is steady at $3.40.

RICE is firmly held at 9 ½@10c for Rangoon, and 12@12 ½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—There is rather more Cloverseed offering, at $8@8,50, the latter for prime. Sales Timothy at $3,75 ₰ bus. Flaxseed is taken at $3,10 ₰ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at 240@245c. Whiskey is quiet at 132@133c for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGARS are firm; sales of 700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9 ½c cash, gold, and 13 ½@14 ½c, currency.

TALLOW—Sales limited at 14@14 ½c for country and city rendered.

WOOL—The market for fine is firmer. Sales of 250,000 lbs are reported at 70@73c for medium, and 75@80c for fine, the latter for choice clips. Common moves off slowly within the range of 60@65c, and tub at 70@75c, as in quality. Yarns are selling at 115@190c ₰ lb.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

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sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES A. JACKAWAY to Miss HANNAH JANE BARRETT, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN JONES to Miss LYDIA M. SPENCER, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH E. HAAS to Miss MARY E. NEILER, both of this city.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOSEPH HUTCHINS to Miss HANNAH COPE, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, ALFRED P. POOL, of Sussex county, Del., to Miss ELLEN C. THOMPSON, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM L. BACON to Miss HARRIET E., daughter of Daniel Peak, both of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by his Honor Alexander Henry, Mayor of Philadelphia, AR'M C. VAN HEIL, of New York, to EMELIE S., daughter of the late Saml. Delisse, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. THOMAS K. MIDDLETON, JR., to Miss REBECCA MARKS, daughter of the late Saml. P. Marks, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, LEWIS W. WOODWARD, in his 32d year.

On the 17th instant, MARGARET, wife of Robert Elliott, in her 25th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, in his 54th year.

On the 16th instant, DANIELY CROMPTON, in his 54th year.

On the 15th instant, Captain HENRY COLLINS, of Chesapeake City, Md., aged 65 years.

On the 15th instant, ELIZA, wife of Thos. S. Dunham.

On the 12th instant, MARY A., wife of Henry Erickson, aged 36 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. CHARLES HUBNER, in his 41st year.

On the 14th instant, CATHARINE A. WILSON, aged 29 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. GEORGE BROWN, in his 31st year.

On the 13th instant, MRS. FRANCES LEHMAN, in her 70th year.

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oct7-3m

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SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. B. R. ROBB,
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IMPORTANT INFORMATION TO TRAPPERS!—A GREAT SECRET REVEALED FOR $1. On receipt of the above price I will send to any address directions for preparing Bait for Trapping MINK, BEAVER and OTTER. The scent of the Bait is so powerful that it will attract them from a great distance. I have used it with complete success for five years. The ingredients are not expensive, as the season for Trapping is at hand. Hunters and Trappers would do well to send in their orders at once. Address J. H. BODWELL,
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LOVE! LOVE!

How to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. oct28-4t

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
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SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

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Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

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Polished Table,	$75
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*See Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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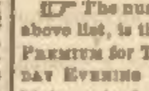

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Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.

For Cape May, &c., at 8:30 A. M., Mail; 2:30 P. M., Passenger.

For Millville and Vineland, 8:30 A. M., Mail, and 2:30 P. M., Passenger.

For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9:15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

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For Woodbury, &c., 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 and 6:30 P. M.

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THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY

Will attend to all the usual branches of express business, receive, deliver and forward through other responsible express companies, to all parts of the country, any articles entrusted to them.

A special messenger accompanies each through train.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

CANCER.

A new and wonderful discovery. Dr. J. C. DIXON'S CANCER ANTIDOTE, which has already proved, in over five hundred cases, to be the most successful treatment for Cancer that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is indeed simple. This terrible disease is entirely removed in a solid mass without the use of the knife, loss of blood, producing of pain, caustic burning, or affecting the sound parts. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; No. 726 Broadway, New York.

sep23-3m J. C. DIXON, M. D.

SAFETY LAMP.

NO SMOKE, NO CHIMNEY.—Portable, not dangerous. Free from smell, and has all the advantages of gas without the expense. A great LIGHT, all for a penny for six hours. Send for full description. For sale wholesale and retail by the Lig-roine Fluid and Lamp Company, No. 12 Gold St., New York. sep30-3m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Going to Brown Street.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Tom K——, politician, commission merchant, and an exceedingly busy man generally, having business in Brown street, on Monday morning, undertook to go there—and this is the way he did it:

Tom took an *Inquirer*, and a Fifth street car, went down deep into the canvass, and far out into the suburbs. Got across to the Sixth street station—got into a car, and a furious political war with a doughty Democrat—came out of the contest victor, and then out of the car at Wharton street, down in Southwark.

Tom took a Seventh street car, fell into a fascination fit over a pretty pink bonnet and pair of bewitching blue eyes. Woke up out of that, when somebody said—"Cars for Rising Sun and Germantown."

Tom got disgusted with that fashion of going to Brown street—sloshed round in a huff, found a hack and drove to his destination, arriving too late by three hours to meet the party he wouldn't have missed for a hundred dollars—drove home mad, and got a glorious blowing-up for keeping dinner waiting till everything was cold.

A Bright Idea.

Badger is going to patent an original plan for the prevention everlasting and eternally of all future railroad collisions everywhere.

The plan is certainly *simple*, and simply certain—once put in practice. It is to have all the trains run one way.

Who Knows?

Quirk wonders if "eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty." What the price of *butter* will be by the time grass gives out—*Quein Sabe?*

A Pious Son.

"Oh! mother! mother!"

"What, son?"

"Mayn't I have the big Bible up in my room to-day?"

"Yes, my child, and welcome. You do not know what pleasure it gives me to see your young thoughts turned that way. But what sticks are those in your hand?"

"Triggers."

"Triggers! For what, my child?"

"Why, trap triggers. Here's the standard, you see; this is the flipper, and that one with the fat meat on the end is the long trigger. There's a rotten mouse keeps comin' in my room and insulting ov me, and I want to set the big Bible and try and knock his chunk out of him!"

A GOOD 'UN.—Some of the beverage dealers in this city have the reputation of using very small glasses in which they deal out their beer. The other day a returned soldier called for a drink at one of these places, and it was dealt out to him in a small glass. He asked the saloon-keeper if he had a pocket-handkerchief to lend him. The rag was handed over, and he deliberately tied one end of it to the handle of the mug, and told the saloon-keeper to hold the other end while he drank the beer. Very much surprised, he asked the soldier what he meant by such a strange proceeding. "Nothing," he answered; "only the glass was so small I was afraid of swallowing it."

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms-houses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT.—The following dialect actually took place, a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil at a school near Salisbury:

"Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class."

FIRST BOY.—"Here I be, zir."

EXAMINER.—"Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?"

FIRST BOY.—"Vowls, zir? ees, of course I can."

EXAMINER.—"Tell me, then, what are vowels?"

FIRST BOY.—"Vowls, zir! why, *vowls be chickens!*"

A FASCINATING and lovely young lady, whose admirers were "legion," and whose name was *Wood*, was finally made a prize of by a fierce cavalry man named *Steel*. The deserted ones clubbed pens and brains, and after a week's fearful mental parturition, produced the following epigram, which they entitled "Daphne Outdone"—

"Pray tell us why the gods should dare
(Defying hence all human weal,)
To change a nymph so passing fair
From yielding *Wood* to flinty *Steel!*"

HAIL AND RAIN.—"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller.

"Where do you rain from?"

"Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan.

"Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."

AWFUL!—The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.

WHEN CRŒSUS asked Solon whom he thought to be the happiest man on earth, the sage answered, "The man who dies best." A friend of ours, who plays bluff, says "it's the man who goes best, and wins." Certainly the latter is gamest.

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it; for it would ruin him in a week."

CABBY (in withering accents on receiving only his legal fare).—"Fair sex! Hunfair sex, I calls yer! 'cordin' to my 'xper'ence of yer!"

Spunky.

A good story is told of a railroad accident on the New London railroad, which had rather a ludicrous ending. A half intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the rail, when the engine from the train to Norwich struck him under the haunches and tossed him down an embankment. The train was stopped, and turned back to pick up the dead body. Paddy was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the conductor kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack, but Paddy insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home in a "kerridge." The conductor pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood, the butting of the cow-catcher so well, bristled up with; "Go away with your kerridge. I'll go home by myself; an' if I've done any damage to yer old ingine, bedad I'll *pay* it on the spot."

COMICAL.—The way into which words are often divided, when set to music, sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was once surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, crying out—

"O for a man!
O for a man!
O for a man—sion in the skies!"

While on another occasion a choir sang to the best of their ability—

"We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee—ting hours!"

It is hoped nobody was bitten.

BREAD.—"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

ON the door of a parish church, not a hundred miles from Pendle Hill, was recently affixed the following notice:—"The church-wardens will hold their quarterly meeting *every six weeks*, instead of half-yearly, as formerly."

"AS WE two are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you, I beat half of myself."

"Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

BRIGHAM YOUNG is, indeed, a Pillar of Salt Lake. His idea of a wife is—*Lots*.

CLOTH MANUFACTURES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—Several congregations of German Protestants, fleeing from Continental persecution, had found an asylum in England. One of the principal of these was settled in London, under the pastoral care of John Alasco, a man of great repute, the friend and patron of Erasmus; while another was placed, by the patriotic wisdom of the Duke of Somerset, the protector during the king's minority, at Glastonbury, upon the lands of the famous monastery then recently dissolved. Here they introduced their peculiar craft. They were cloth-workers, and from them the kingdom derived one of its greatest manufactures; and the western counties of England, after three centuries, acknowledge with gratitude that the boundless fields of enterprise and wealth they still cultivate were first pointed out by a persecuted band of Flemish refugees.—*Marsden's History of the Puritans.*

☞ While the secretaries were counting the votes for delegates to the State Convention in Boston lately, they were interrupted and presented to a grandson of Lafayette, who has recently come to this country, and was present on that occasion for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the manner in which our preliminary political meetings are conducted. Though imperfectly acquainted with our language, he made some eloquent remarks in relation to the recent Rebellion, and said that the struggle was not only for free principles in America, but also in the empire of France. His speech, though short and much broken, was of course warmly applauded, and every American will delight to do honor to the descendant of the self-sacrificing young nobleman who nearly a century ago came to aid us in the hour of our peril.

AMERICANS ABROAD.—It is said there are fifty thousand Americans of fortune abroad. If their residence in a foreign country costs each $2,000, one hundred millions of dollars per annum are expended by these pleasure and health-seekers.

TWILIGHT.

The night-flowers open; days are short;
The red is paling in the west;
Even the wayward flickering bat
Is once again at rest.
Between the netted apple-boughs
Shine out once more the welcome stars;
I dream in twilight of a slave
Glaring through prison bars.

No sound but when the beetles fall,
Through darkening leafage of the elm;
The blackness gathers o'er my eyes,
And would my soul o'erwhelm,
But that a pallor in the east,
That still continuous spreads,
Tells me that mellow darks like these
Will blossom into morning reds.

"ROSE, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved, you will never get a husband."

"Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a *prim rose* is not without attractions."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PORTABLE SMOKE-HOUSE.

The best, cheapest, and most efficient smoke-house we ever saw or heard of, we improvised once at sea a good many years ago, have used one of like fabric for all smoking purposes on shore ever since—have known it to be used by others in very many instances, always with entire success and satisfaction, and are confident if farmers and all other persons having hams, meat, or anything else to smoke, would only give it a fair trial, they would abandon all their old-fashioned smokeries. The process of construction and smoking is simply as follows:

Procure two tight flour barrels having one sound, good head. Prepare one by boring twenty-five or thirty holes through the head with a large gimblet or quarter-inch bit. Then saw off two or three of the staves at the open end about ten inches up, or close to the quarter hoops, and that barrel is already for service.

Bore enough like sized holes through the head of the second barrel, to suspend as many hams, or as much other material as will fill all the space, provided you have so much. Having thus hung the material, place the first barrel on end head upwards, place the one containing the meat on top of it, chink up all the crevices tight, set any old skillet or dripping-pan within the lower barrel, and build in it a smouldering fire of cobs or fine, hard wood chips. If the smoke is maintained constantly through the day time, in two days a twenty pound ham will be sufficiently smoked, and will be found entirely free from that acrid, sooty, strong smoky flavor so universal in almost all chimney, or smoke-house smoked meats.

The smoke filtrates through the small holes in the lower barrel head, and is condensed in the upper barrel freed from all the sooty particles, which lodge underneath the lower head. Beef, neat's tongues, salmon, shad, mackerel, and lake white fish may be also smoked most beautifully in such a double-barrelled smoke-house in a few hours.

RURAL RELIABILITY.

Ethics may err, geology make mistakes, history blunder, theology put on masques, astronomy fall into fallacies, and all the sciences run erratic now and then, without any very great mischief being done. But every unreliable, or what is worse—a down-right *lie*-able agricultural article published, is a dead loss somewhere, to some one—almost always to the publisher.

For instance—an article is published that no sensible man puts any faith in. It is productive of no good to any one—the readers of the paper it appears in say: "Pshaw—Nonsense." And the paper and publisher falls into discredit. Another article appears so plausible, that a great many farmers follow its advice—experiment, and are badly bitten. The result is that writer, publisher, and publication fall into merited contempt.

The better rule in regard to writing and publishing for rural readers, is only to write and publish that in which, as "My Lord Kenyon" says, "*The proof is positive or presumption great.*"

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—Horace Vernet, having finished one of his acres of war, asked Gros to come and see the picture, and "give me, *mon cher*, your true opinion." Gros came and looked at the "charge of cavalry." "Why, your charge will not do much harm; your horses have only two legs each." Exit Gros, delighted, as we all are when we have said an unpleasant thing; but lame Justice came with a rush one day, caught M. Gros on the post, and beat him. He painted an allegorical picture, and asked Vernet to look at it. Vernet came. "What is it meant to represent?" "Weather," replies M. Gros; "what do you think of it?" "Very bad weather," replied Vernet, putting up his umbrella, and walking out of the room.

PERSPIRATION.—The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such unguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands, and arms with this leaves the skin as clean, sweet, and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

THE two kings that rule in America. Jo king and smo-king. *Vive la Republique!*

RECEIPTS.

Original.

CABBAGE CHOW-CHOW.

I know a great many people that are immoderately fond of cabbage, and like something occasionally besides the everlasting *boil* and orthodox slaw, who will never endorse, can scarcely endure, the inevitable stench of Teutonic crout. To all such—or at least so many such as I can make hear—I advise *Chinese Chow-chow*, which I have from "Cosmo." It is manufactured thus:

Cut small, solid heads of cabbage into slips, a good deal coarser than you would cut straw, and place the material in an earthen crock, covering it with clean, cold water for twelve hours. Then drain off the water, salt the cabbage just so much as will season it suitably for the table, and fill with it glass fruit jars, fitted with air-tight, screw-stoppers, mixing liberally with the cut cabbage the long, cayenne pepper-pods, both red and green, small, white onions, unground allspice, and thrust in a few slender roots of horse-radish. Take good pickling vinegar; dilute with one-third the quantity of pure, rain water, and fill the jars. After standing twenty-four hours, place the jars in a flat-bottomed kettle, in cold water; place the kettle over the fire, and heat gradually until the water boils. Continue the boiling very moderately twenty minutes, and then remove the jars, and screw fast the stoppers. When cold, set away in a dark, cool closet. Cabbage *Chow-chowed* in this manner will keep a long time, and is good either boiled, fried, or eaten just as it comes from the jar. MADELINE.

APPLES IN RED JELLY.

6 apples, 12 cloves, pounded sugar, 1 lemon, 2 tea-cupfulls water, 1 table-spoonfull gelatine, cochineal, a few drops. Peel the apples, scoop out the cores, and put into each apple 2 cloves and as much sifted sugar as they will hold. Place them, without touching each other, in a large pie-dish; add more sugar, the juice of 1 lemon and 2 tea-cupfull of water. Bake in the oven, with a dish over them, till they are done. Look at them frequently, and as each apple is cooked, place it in a glass dish. They must not be left in the oven after they are done, or they will break. Do not let them touch in the dish. Strain the liquor in which they were stewing, add the rind of a lemon and a table-spoonfull of gelatine which has been previously dissolved in cold water, and if not sweet, a little more sugar, and 6 cloves. Boil till clear; color with cochineal; strain and cool. Then pour it round the apples. This is a pretty supper dish.—*Mrs. Button.*

Selected.

POTATO-STARCH PUDDING.—Take two or three spoonfuls of potato starch, mix it in half a pint of milk, beat into it two eggs, then pour all into a saucepan containing half a pint of boiling milk a little salted, let it boil two or three minutes, (stirring it well all the time,) as otherwise the egg will get overdone, and become hard and indigestible. Eat with sugar or molasses.

Mr. Fowler, the well-known phrenologist, says in one of his publications, this is the best article of diet he has ever found, and he has been a dyspeptic for twenty years. I think every one who gives it a fair trial will agree with him, nothing can be more easily digested, while with the eggs it is very nutritious, and is at the same time very palatable; it may be added, also, that it is very cheap, for the whole expense of a good meal from it need not exceed six or eight cents.

FANCHONETTES.—These are most delicious, and very useful as a pretty supper or luncheon dish. Put two ounces of flour into a saucepan, with three of sugar, one of butter, one of pounded almonds, some lemon peel, two yolks of eggs, and one whole egg, a little salt, and half a pint of milk. Place the saucepan on the fire, and let the mixture set like a cream. Line some tartlet tins with puff paste and fill them up with the preparation; place them on a tin, and bake the fanchonettes in a brisk oven. Take them out when about three parts done; put some whipped egg on each, sprinkle sugar over them, and put them into the oven again to finish the baking.—*Euphrosyne.*

PASTRY.—To make pastry that will be entirely wholesome, mix 1 oz. car. soda with 7 drachms tartaric acid; put 1 tea-spoonful of this mixture in 2 lbs. flour. Put the mixture into a glass jar, with a closely fitting lid, after having incorporated it fully. It is then fit for use, and pie-crust should not be made without it.

KISSES.—Take the whites of 4 eggs, beat them very lightly, and mix with them enough sifted sugar to make them very stiff; then drop on paper half the size you want them, and put them in a slow oven 20 minutes. Take them off the paper with a knife, and put 2 together. 4 eggs make a cake-basket full.

TO MAKE CALICOES WASH WELL.—Infuse 3 gills of salt in 4 quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave it till cold; in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, is formed by earth and water.
Transposed, is a Latin conjunction.
My 1, 2, 4, means furious.
Transposed, confines.
My 1, 2, is often a child's first word.
Transposed, is a verb.
My whole is a correspondent whose name we often see in these columns.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 3, 1, 7, 4, is the fruit of forest trees.
My 2, 6, 4, 5, is a fable.
My 5, 3, 1, 8, is a course at a race.
My 6, 3, 1, 7, 4, is an ingredient of bread.
My 7, 4, 1, 8, 3, is condition or rank.
My 7, 4, 6, is a tumor.
My 8, 5, 6, 2, 3, is a pungent aromatic.
My whole is a precious stone.
Cincinnati, O. CINCINNATUS.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a soft nick-name, that will do
For lady or gentleman—number two
Is a vowel, but ah! breathed from my third,
An echo of sadness is ever heard.
My fourth is known as a lady's name.
My fifth the natives of Scotland claim
As a term of negation. And my whole,
Is a state where large, wide rivers roll.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When golden Autumn's choicest fruits appear,
The anxious matron seeks the best with care,
Securing which, she forms a luscious treat,
Which my obedient first—slow gaps to meet.
My second forms a part of Nature's plan,
A prop to Earth—a sure support to man.
Rules the affections—guides the treacherous heart;
And in our every action takes a part.
My third is a treasure which to us is lent,
Wherein to toil, to study, or repent.
Wise would we be to well improve its stay,
For when it once is gone, 'tis gone for aye.
My whole is a country subject to a crown,
Where rank is honored, and the poor kept down.
West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A drink.
The seat of a celebrated oracle.
Part of a sword.
A month of the Jewish civil year.
A Union general killed in 1862.
An isthmus.
My initials and finals form the name of an eminent English Historian.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I multiply my age by itself, and divide the product by 4, and take the square root of the quotient, and multiply it by the square root of the product of 4½ times my age; and then take the square root of the product of this multiplication, and it gives ½ of my age. And again, my age added to the product of 7 times ½ of my age, and the square root of the amount also gives ½ of my age. What is my age? J. EVERETT.
Philadelphia, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A log, 20 feet in length, was lying on the middle line of a road. A team was hitched to one end, and it was drawn at right angles to the road for 50 feet; the weight during the process being upon the other end of the log, which is now in the edge of the road. Required, the *curve* described by the end of the log on the ground, the length of that curve, and the width of the road. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical vessel full of water and closed at the top, will just stand upon an inclined plane without falling over. If then a very small hole be made in the side at the lowest point of the upper side of the vessel. Required, the distance from the foot of the cylinder that the water will spout upon the plane, the length of the vessel being 40, and the diameter of its base 20 inches?
MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a pumpkin is perfectly globular and one foot in diameter; how far must a rat's eye be to see one-third of its surface, the rat sitting above the pumpkin?
JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What town in Ireland would an Irishman name to a fellow-countryman when in the act of "flooring" him? Ans.—Down, Patrick!

☞ Why is a barrister like a retail liquor-dealer? Ans.—Because his business depends upon his standing at the bar.

☞ Why is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Ans.—Because it takes a long time to get enough of it.

☞ When is a good tune most relished? Ans.—When it is opportune.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold. DOUBLE REBUS—Orange and Sorrel (Orleans, Rio, Amor, Namur, George, Ell.)